

# HANGMAN

**SUMMER 10¢**

comics





## A collage of various comic book covers from the mid-20th century, including titles like 'Supermouse', 'Startling Comics', 'Jetta', 'Mystery Comics', 'Fantastic Tales', 'Cosmo Cat', 'Strange Worlds', 'Exciting Comics', 'Daring Adventures', 'Casper Cat', 'Eerie', 'Exciting Comics', 'Barnyard Comics', 'Famous Funnies', 'Hillbilly Comics', 'Teen-Age Sweetheart', 'Jetta', 'Science', 'Quick Lunch', 'Snake Eyes', 'Miss Masque', 'Eerie', 'Exciting Comics', 'Casper Cat', and 'Daring Adventures'. A large, stylized speech bubble in the center contains the text 'WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM'.



# FREE

WITH THIS OFFER

# 33 POWER TELESCOPE LENS KIT

You can now own a genuine high powered telescope by making it in one evening of easy work. It is included **FREE** with this Special Offer of "Wonders of Science, Simplified." All the optical parts are completely finished

## HUNDREDS OF PHOTOGRAPHS, MAPS, DRAWINGS, ETC.

### 3 Volumes Bound in 1

#### Volume I—PARTIAL CONTENTS WONDERS OF NATURE

- BOOK 1.** History & Mystery of Astronomy  
How Man Used to Think of Earth and Why  
How the Solar System Evolved  
The Enormous Size of Some Stars
- BOOK 2.** Oddities Phenomena on Earth  
Some of the Fastest of the World  
A Marvelous Mountain of Solid Ice
- BOOK 3.** Watching the World Change  
How Continents and Oceans Were Formed  
How We Know Ground Shakes and Floods  
Some of the Deadliest Tornadoes
- BOOK 4.** Secrets of Weather Simplified  
How the Sun and Storms on Earth  
The Strange Forces of a Gull of Fire
- BOOK 5.** Through Wonders of Nature  
The Regions of Land and Fire  
The Inside of an Active Volcano

#### Volume II—PARTIAL CONTENTS WONDERS OF POPULAR SCIENCE

- BOOK 6.** Pictorial Outline of Progress  
Nearly Two Centuries of Steamships  
Great Inventions of the Motor-Car  
Development of the Modern Locomotive
- BOOK 7.** Amazing Adventures in Science  
The Mystery of the Burning Glass  
The Marvel of the Electro-Magnet  
The Wonders of the Infra-Red Rays
- BOOK 8.** Seven Wonders of Modern World  
How a Telescope Works Things Seen  
How a Microscope Works Things Seen  
The Latest Method of Television
- BOOK 9.** Manual of Simplified Experiments  
Science Experiments for Everybody  
Experiments With Simple Chemicals
- BOOK 10.** How Great Inventions Work  
Inside of a Great Modern Steamship  
A Big Coal Mine With the Lid Off  
How a Submarine Works and Moves

#### Volume III—PARTIAL CONTENTS WONDERS OF LIFE

- BOOK 11.** Creatures in Prehistoric Ages  
Life on Earth 30 Million Years Ago  
Life on Earth 250,000 Years Ago
- BOOK 12.** Marvels of Plant Life  
Plants That Catch and Eat Insects  
Strange Fossils of Plant Growth
- BOOK 13.** Strangest Fish in the Sea  
Some Highways of the Deep Sea  
Great Fishes That Grow on Land
- BOOK 14.** The Animal Wonder Book  
The Animal World Nearly Lost  
The Origin of All the Animals
- BOOK 15.** Miraculous Machine called Man  
The Wonderful Way the Ovals Work  
What Your Body Looks Like Inside

## WONDERS AND MYSTERIES OF SCIENCE IN THRILLING STORY AND 1,000 PICTURES

You can now enter the wondrous world of tomorrow. You can now go on thrilling tours through the wonderland of Science. Here is the telescope, the microscope, the spectroscope. Here are tours through talking picture studios and television studios. Here is aviation opening up the new world of speed and distance. And here, too, is the photo-electric cell, the

marvelous eagle eye that will make men of the future supermen. These and hundreds of others are all yours in the three exciting volumes of **WONDERS OF SCIENCE, SIMPLIFIED.**

## 3 GREAT VOLUMES BOUND TOGETHER CONTAIN 1,000 PICTURES AND 15 BOOKS

This fascinating work contains three thrilling volumes bound together. It is packed with a thousand pictures which simplify its contents. Think of it—dozens and dozens, hundreds and hundreds of scientific pictures. Pictures of all kinds on Mechanics, Astronomy, Physics, Biology, etc.—dynamic diagrams, panoramic illustrations, and action-photographs up to 100 square inches in size. These hundreds and hundreds of dazzling illustrations from three gorgeous volumes—and each of the three volumes is almost a foot high, and when opened, over a foot wide!

### YOUR FRIENDS WILL ADMIRE YOU

Through the simplicity of the text, the tremendous record of Science is brought lavishly before you. The mightiest marvels of mankind thrill you as you read their stories. Invention, Geography, Zoology, Engineering, etc.—they are so simple and easy to understand. No wonder every person who has read and mastered this exciting workbook becomes a "wonder encyclopedia" and is looked up to by his friends as a "scientific wizard."

### BIG FREE OFFER—SEND NO MONEY

These three great, positively-illustrated volumes of "Wonders of Science, Simplified" (bound together) "wonderfully sold for \$5.00. But it is offered to you now for only \$1.98 plus postage. Act at once and we will include **FREE** with your order the 33 power long distance telescope lens kit described above. You take no risk because you must be 100% delighted or you may return for full refund within 15 days. **ACT NOW**—as this offer is limited to the supply of 33 power telescope lens kits available. This offer may never be yours again. So **RUSH COUPON AT ONCE.**

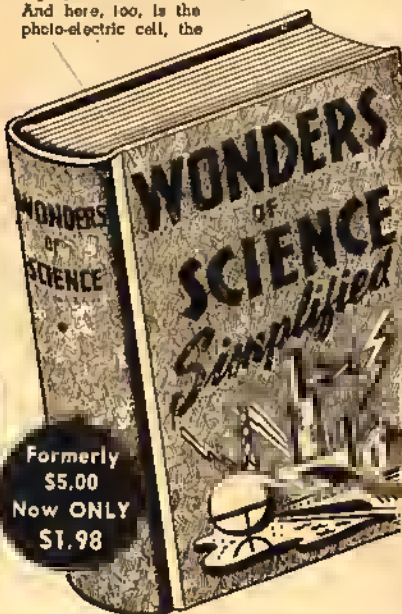
METRO PUBLICATIONS, Dept. — 520  
70 Fifth Avenue, New York

Send me a copy of "Wonders of Science, Simplified" (the dazzling volumes bound together, over 1,000 illustrations) . . . also include my long distance telescope lens kit with this order. I will pay postman \$1.98 plus postage on arrival. I am not satisfied I may return them within five days for full refund.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

☐ Check here if you are enclosing \$1.98, thus saving mailing costs (same guarantee).



# HANGMAN

SPECIAL CASE  
NO. 7

OUT OF THE DARK AND FETID  
BOWELS OF HADES COMES A  
YELLOW MONSTER TO WIELD  
HIS BLOOD-SOAKED AXE  
AGAINST THE INNOCENT ---  
THE EXECUTIONER!  
START READING AND YOU'LL BE  
PITCHED HEADLONG INTO THE MOST  
HAIR-RAISING, BLOOD CURDLING  
ADVENTURE OF THIS WAR -- AS  
THE HANGMAN COMES TO GRIPS  
WITH THAT ARCH-DEVIL OF THE AXIS,  
**THE EXECUTIONER!**

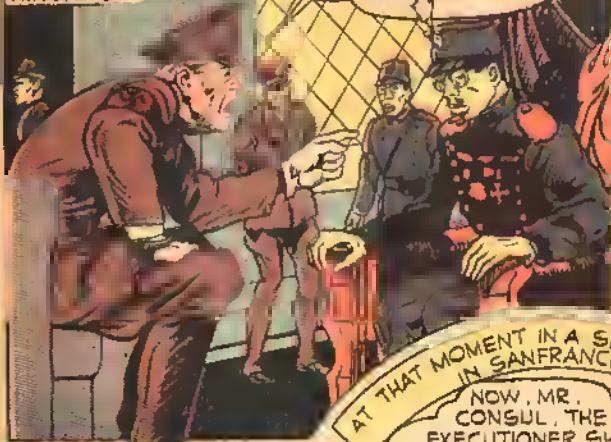




AT A SECRET AXIS MEETING,  
GOERING EXCITEDLY  
ADDRESSES  
HIROHITO...

AT LEAST VE ARE  
HOLDING DER RUSSIANS  
ON ALL FRONTS! VOT ARE  
YOU DOING?

WE'RE WAITING! WE KNOW THE  
CHINESE AND AMERICANS ARE PLANNING  
AN OFFENSIVE ACTION-AND OUR BEST  
MAN IS FINDING OUT WHAT IT IS!



I HOPE HE  
HAS BETTER  
LUCK THAN OUR  
CAPT. SWASTIKA!

AT THAT MOMENT IN A SECRET  
HIDEOUT  
IN SAN FRANCISCO...  
NOW, MR.  
CONSUL, THE  
EXECUTIONER SHALL  
SHOW YOU HOW HE DEALS  
WITH OBSTINATE PEOPLE!

HE WILL BE  
SUCCESSFUL! HE IS  
THE EXECUTIONER!



DO YOU WANT A  
TASTE OF MY AXE TOO?  
OR WILL YOU TELL  
ME WHEN THE  
CHINESE GENERAL,  
CHANG, IS TO ARRIVE?



NO-NO-  
EXECUTIONER!  
DON'T HURT ME!  
I'LL TALK! TONIGHT  
AT TEN HIS  
BOAT ARRIVES!



GOOD! NOW  
FETCH ME  
MY AXE,  
SOME-  
ONE!

GET AWAY FROM  
ME! YOU PROM-  
ISED NOT TO  
HURT ME!

THIS WON'T  
HURT YOU  
AT ALL!



HA-HA-HA-HA

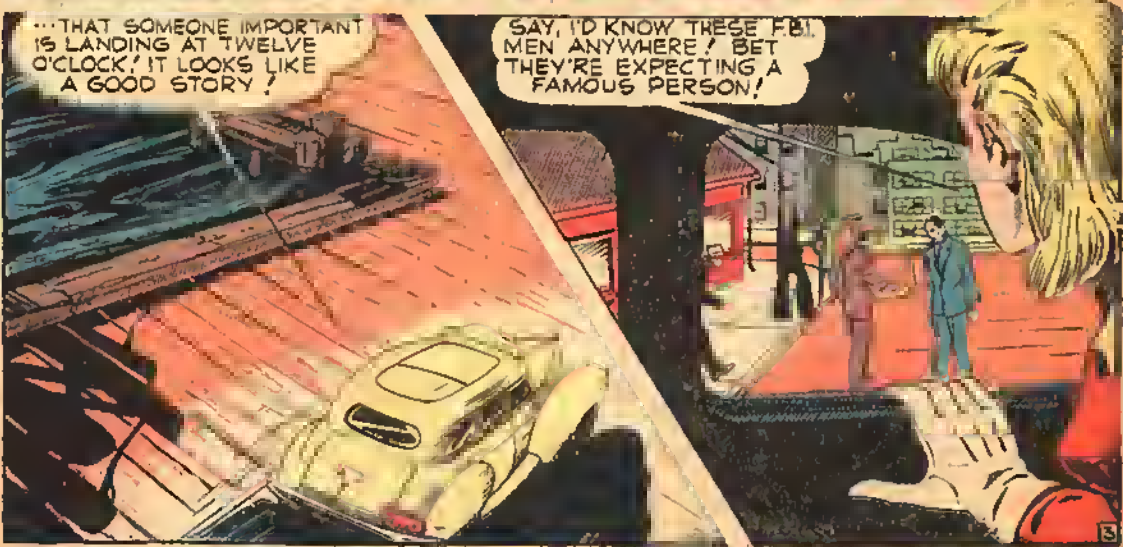
I NEVER  
BREAK A  
PROMISE!

THE SCENE SHIFTS  
TO ANOTHER PART  
OF TOWN...

COME ON, HURRY,  
BOB! THIS IS  
IMPORTANT!

MY  
PAPER  
JUST GOT  
AN INSIDE  
TIP...

WHAT'S  
URTHELMA?



...THAT SOMEONE IMPORTANT  
IS LANDING AT TWELVE  
O'CLOCK! IT LOOKS LIKE  
A GOOD STORY!

SAY, I'D KNOW THESE FBI  
MEN ANYWHERE! BET  
THEY'RE EXPECTING A  
FAMOUS PERSON!



AS TWO F.B.I. MEN WHISPER  
HURRIEDLY...

BOB AND THELMA  
WAIT ANXIOUSLY...

OKAY TO  
LOWER THE  
GANGPLANK?

HOPE WE  
DON'T HAVE  
ANY TROUBLE,  
MIKE!

HERE  
COMES  
THE BOAT!

SURE,  
BUB, LET  
'ER GO!

BUT SUDDENLY THE  
CRANE OPERATOR IS  
STRUCK DOWN FROM  
BEHIND...

CRACK

AND AS AN UNKNOWN HAND  
TAKES OVER THE GANGPLANK  
CONTROLS... A CAR ON THE  
DOCK BELOW ROLLS TOWARD  
THE BOAT! THEN...

...MACHINE GUNS SNARL  
OUT THEIR MESSAGE OF  
DEATH ON THE DOCKS!

THE F.B.I. SWING INTO ACTION!

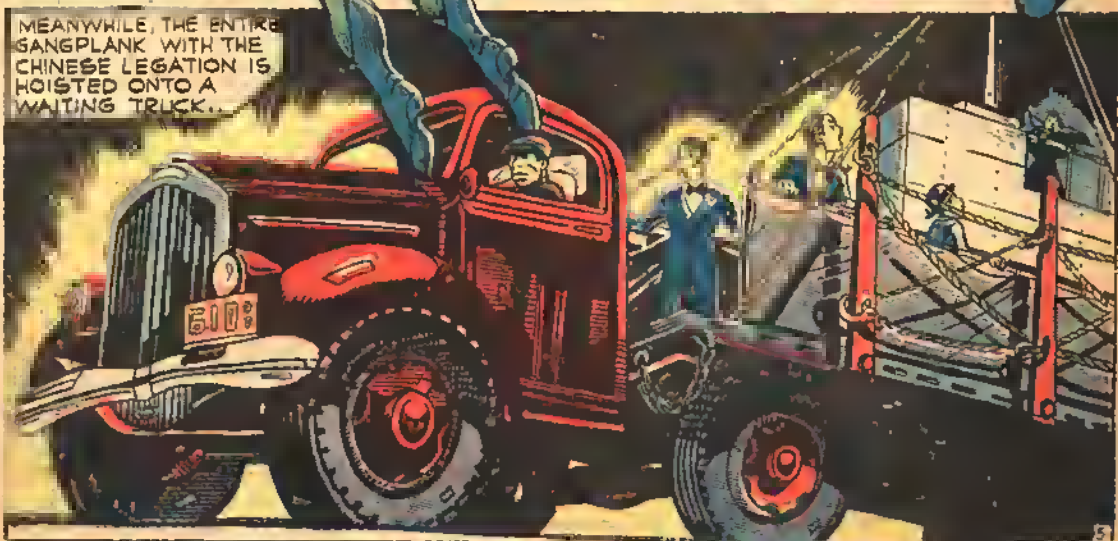
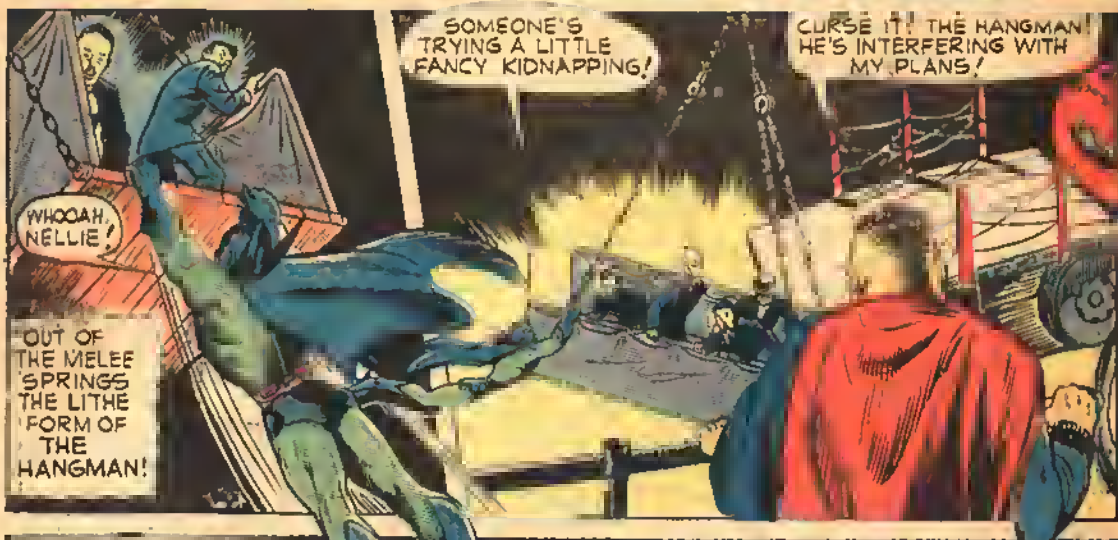
START SOMETHING,  
WILL THEY?

BANG BANG  
BANG

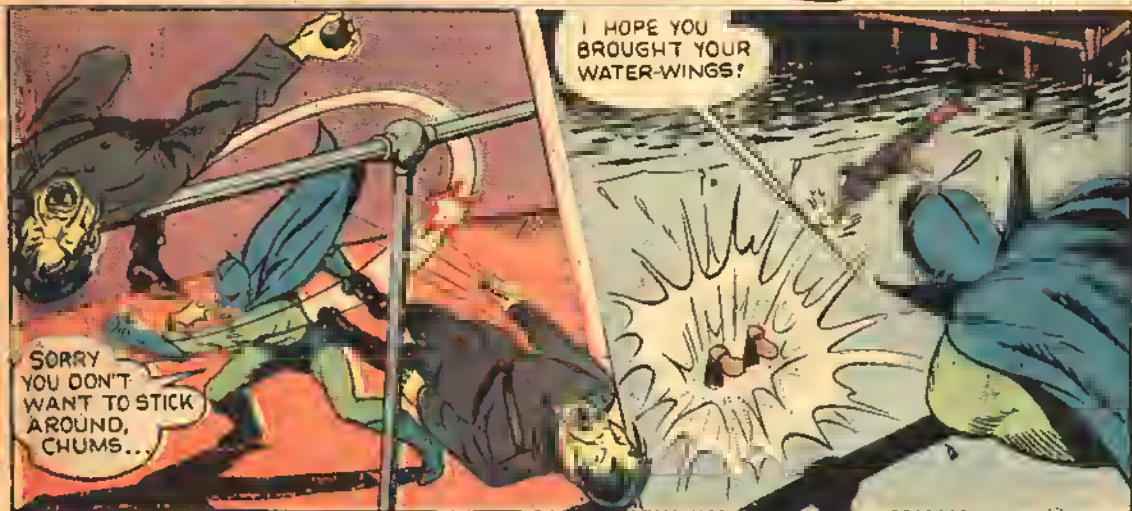
GREAT  
SCOTT!  
THEY'RE  
JAPS!

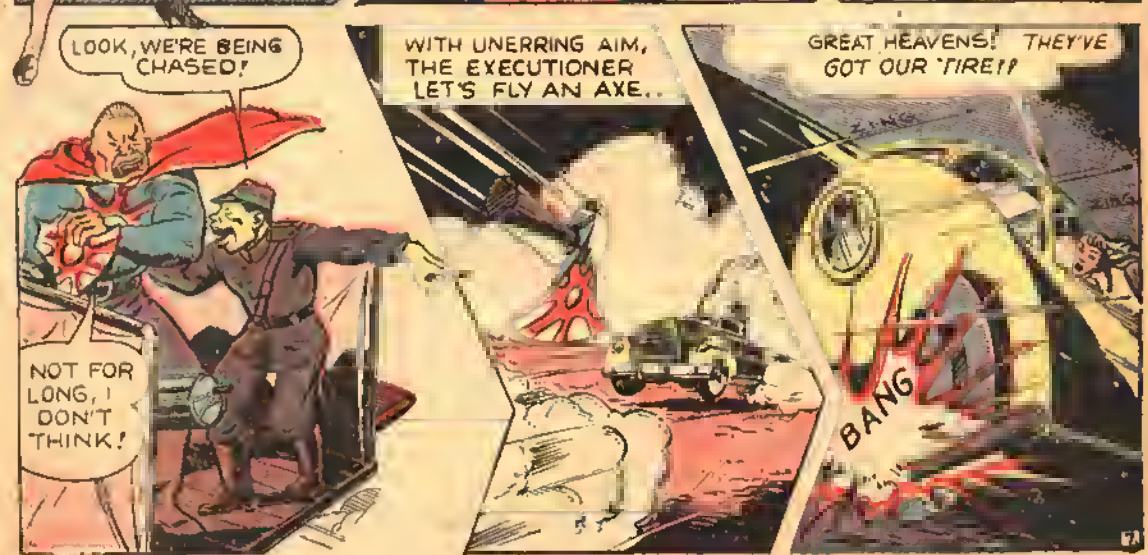
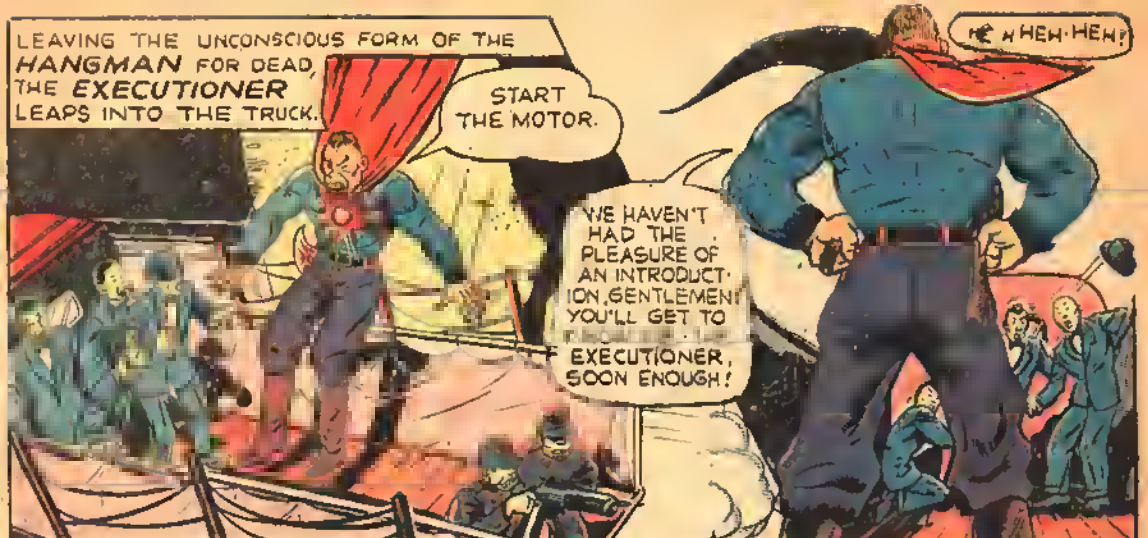
RAT-A-TAT-TAT

RAT-A-TAT TAT-A-TAT



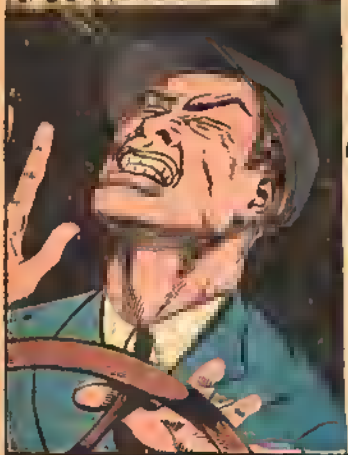








ONE OF THE JAP. BULLETS FINDS ITS MARK IN THE CAB-DRIVER'S HEART.



HE LOSES CONTROL OF THE CAR, AND...



WHILE THE EXECUTIONER'S TRUCK MAKES FOR A NEARBY GARAGE.



OOH! OH! I SEEM TO BE ALIVE WITH NO BONES BROKEN...

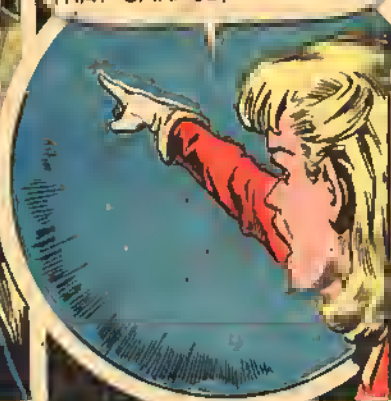


THE POLICE RUSH UP!



BUT HE ISN'T! THEY GOT THE DRIVER, THE RATS!

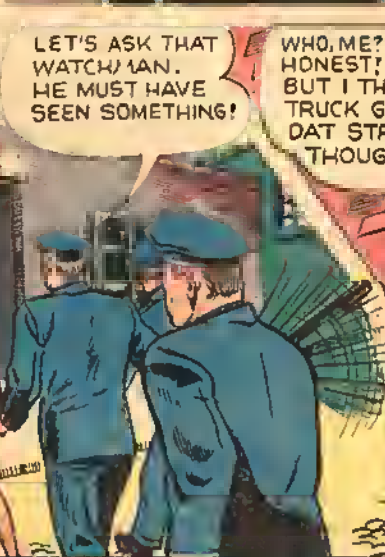
WE WERE FOLLOWING A TRUCK WHICH WAS USED TO KIDNAP THE CHINESE GENERAL, CHANG... THEY WENT INTO THAT GARAGE, I SAW THEM!



THEY CAN'T GET AWAY FROM ME THAT EASY!

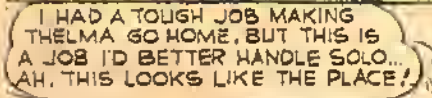
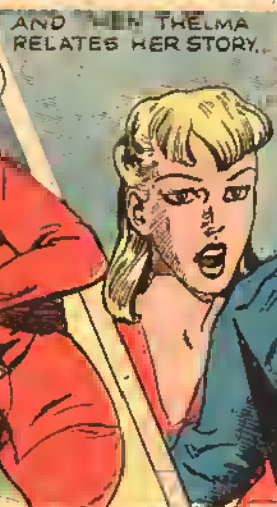
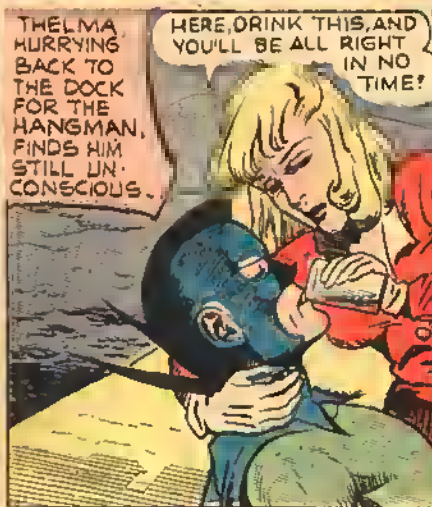


LET'S ASK THAT WATCHMAN. HE MUST HAVE SEEN SOMETHING!



WHO, ME? I AIN'T SEEN NO TRUCK! HONEST! I BEEN SITTING HERE, BUT I THINK I SAW A TRUCK GOING DOWN DAT STREET, THOUGH!

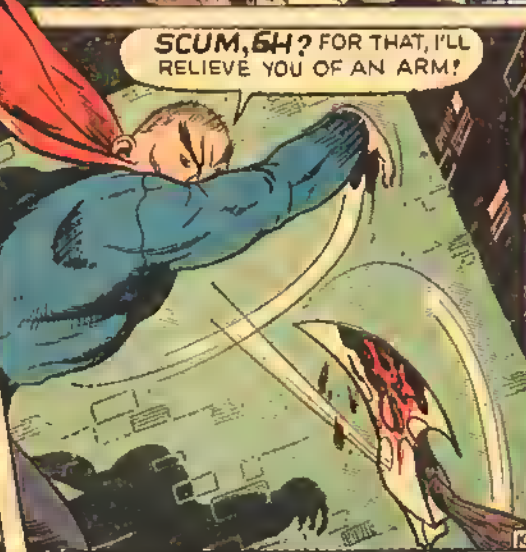








HOW CLEVER OF YOU TO RECOGNIZE IT! IT'S THE NOOSE THAT WILL TIGHTEN ABOUT YOUR NECK UNLESS YOU TELL THE TRUTH. NOW, SPILL IT! WHERE'S THE EXECUTIONER TAKEN THE CHINESE LEGATION?!





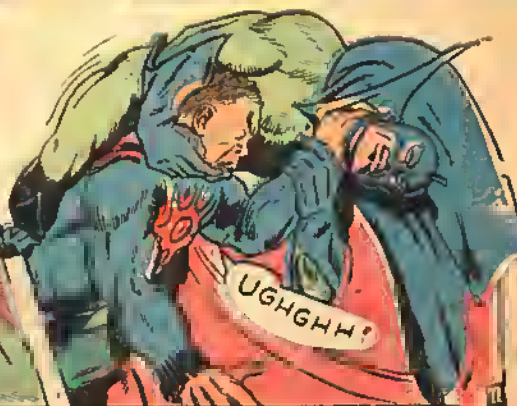
I'M FINISHED  
PLAYING WITH  
YOU NOW! MY  
KNIVES WILL  
SLICE YOU LIMB  
FROM LIMB  
UNTIL I'VE LEFT  
YOU ONLY A  
TOE TO  
TALK  
WITH!



BUT LIKE A RAY  
OF HOPE, THE  
HOODED LITHE  
FORM OF THE  
**HANGMAN**  
BURSTS INTO THE  
CHAMBER  
OF CRUELITIES!

THE HANGMAN TWISTS  
HIS BODY WITH THE  
RAPIDITY OF A STEEL  
SPRING...

YOU AGAIN, HANGMAN! YOU  
HAVEN'T LEARNED NOT TO  
INTERFERE WITH THE  
EXECUTIONER YET, EH?



UGHGHH!



..UNTIL HE HAS  
PULLED THE  
EXECUTIONER  
OFF BALANCE?

TERRIFIC WALLOP SENDS THE  
JAPANESE MONSTER FLYING...

AND THE HANGMAN QUICKLY  
GOES TO THE DYING GENERAL'S  
SIDE!

HMM..  
THINGS SEEM  
TO BE COMING  
MY WAY NOW!

I-TOO LATE  
TO S-SAVE ME  
NOW? LISTEN!  
T-TELL.. WAR..  
DEPARTMENT..  
WASHINGTON..  
CHINESE  
GOVERNMENT..  
APPROVE  
PLAN..OF  
ATTACK..  
UHH..

CAESAR'S  
GHOST! SO..  
THAT'S IT!

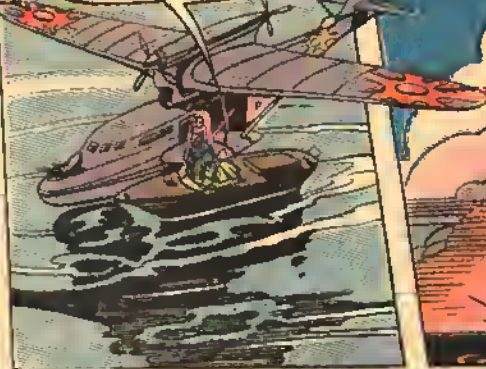
WHEW! I'VE  
GOT AN  
IMPORTANT  
PHONE CALL  
TO MAKE  
PRONTO!

BUT THE  
HANGMAN  
INTENT ONLY  
ON THE ALL-  
IMPORTANT  
PHONE CALL  
FAILS TO NOT-  
ICE THE OM-  
INOUS FIGURE  
OF THE RE-  
VIVED EXE-  
CUTIONER  
SLINKING UP  
FROM BEHIND  
THERE IS AN  
UPRAISED ARM,  
THE SHARP  
FLAG OF A  
GLEAMING  
AXE -AND  
BLACKNESS!

A FEW HOURS LATER, ANYONE  
WATCHING THE COASTAL WATERS  
WOULD HAVE SEEN A SMALL MOTOR-  
BOAT CARRYING A STRANGE BURDEN!  
THE UNCONSCIOUS FORM OF THE  
**HANGMAN** PROPPED UP  
BESIDE THE LEERING **EXECUTIONER**!

HANDLE THE HANGMAN  
CAREFULLY, I WANT TO  
GET HIM BACK TO TOKIO  
ALIVE, A LITTLE BIRTH-  
DAY PRESENT FOR MY  
EMPEROR.

GOOD!  
THERE  
IS THE  
PLANE!



THIRTEEN HOURS LATER... IN THE  
PALACE OF THE RISING SUN.

HA HA  
HA HA!

HOHO  
HO!

HANGING THE  
HANGMAN!  
FUNNIEST  
THING I'VE  
EVER  
SEEN!

CRACK

HANGMAN, CURSE YOUR OBSTINATE  
BONES, WE'RE ONLY JUST BEGINNING  
WITH YOU!

... SO YOU'D BETTER  
TALK? WHAT ARE  
THE SECRET CHINESE  
PLANS?

ENOUGH OF  
THIS TOMFOOLERY!  
I'LL SHARPEN MY  
AXE UPON YOUR  
NECK, NOW!

SUDDENLY FROM OVERHEAD SOUNDS THE  
DRONE OF AIRPLANES!

ZRRRRRRRR

HEAVENLY  
FATHER!  
BOMBERS!

ALL  
RIGHT..  
I'LL TELL  
YOU THE  
SECRET  
NOW!

TOKYO  
IS GOING  
TO BE  
BOMBED!





WITH PILE-DRIVER PUNCHES, THE HANGMAN WADES INTO THE TREACHEROUS JAPS.

THE EXECUTIONER IS ESCAPING?

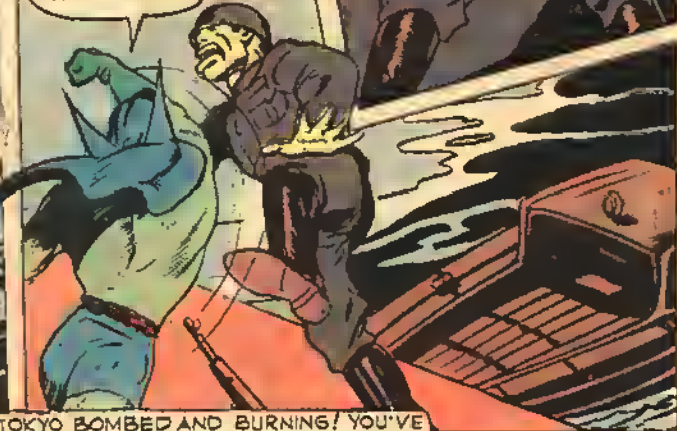
BUT HE DOESN'T... THE BOMBED TEMPLE WALLS CRUMBLE ABOUT THE EXECUTIONER'S HEAD.

AAAAE! I'M TRAPPED!

THE HANGMAN RACES ALONG THE WATER-FRONT AS TOKYO ROCKS UNDER ALLIED BOMBS.



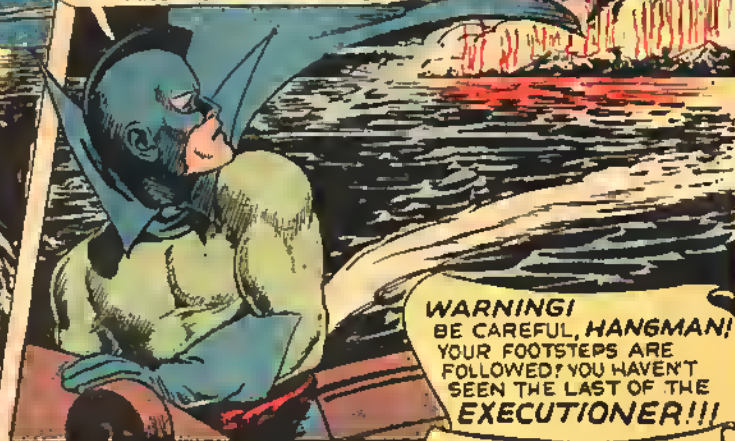
I NEED YOUR BOAT, NIPPIE? HOW ABOUT TRADING THIS FOR IT?



HOPE THIS JAP JALLOPY HAS ENOUGH GAS... CHINA, HERE I COME!



TOKYO BOMBED AND BURNING! YOU'VE MET YOUR HANGMAN, NIP-NIP... THE FIGHTING AMERICANS. YOU WANTED TO PUT CIVILIZATION IN CHAINS. BUT YOU'VE SUCCEEDED ONLY IN SLIPPING A NOOSE AROUND YOUR NECK!



WARNING! BE CAREFUL, HANGMAN! YOUR FOOTSTEPS ARE FOLLOWED! YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF THE EXECUTIONER!!!

The

# HANGMAN



**TERROR STRIKES TWICE!!!**  
NEVER BEFORE SINCE THE HANGMAN  
BEGAN HIS AVENGING CAREER AGAINST  
ALL GANGSTERDOM HAS HIS LIFE BEEN  
IN SUCH JEOPARDY! FOR THOSE TWIN  
MONSTROUS MAN-HUNTERS- CAPTAIN  
SWASTIKA AND THE EXECUTIONER  
SWEAR THEIR VENGEANCE IN A PLEDGE  
OF BLOOD TO GET THE HANGMAN....

GO AHEAD! TURN THE PAGE IF YOU DARE!  
READ A TALE ON WHICH HINGES  
THE DOORS TO DEMOCRACY... A SHIVER-  
MAKING TALE OF **TERROR**  
**STRIKES**  
**TWICE!!**



AS A YELLOW MOON EERILY LIGHTS THE SAN FRANCISCO DOCKS, A FIRM TREAD UPON THE GANGPLANK HERALDS THE RETURN FROM JAPAN OF THE HANGMAN!

GOOD TO BE BACK ON U.S. SOIL AGAIN!

BUT AS HIS SWINGING GAIT CARRIES HIM HOMEWARD... AN OMINOUS SHADOW CREEPS ALONG BEHIND HIM!

A COLD SHOWER AND I'LL FEEL LIKE A NEW MAN!

SUDDENLY, THE HANGMAN WHEELS ABOUT.

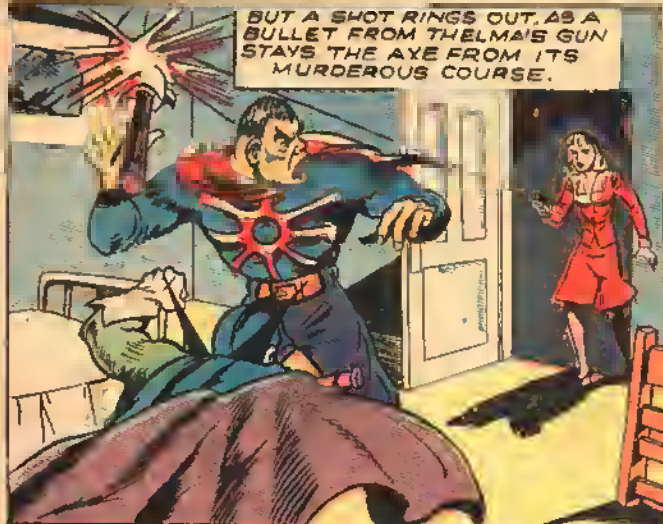
YOU? EXECUTIONER!

I HAVE RETURNED, HANGMAN...

...FOR PERSONAL VENGEANCE! YOU DISGRACED ME IN THE EYES OF MY EMPEROR AND YOU SHALL PAY FOR YOUR AUDACITY!



THIS STROKE WILL PUT AN END TO THIS IRRITATING SCUM!



BUT A SHOT RINGS OUT, AS A BULLET FROM THELMA'S GUN STAYS THE AYE FROM ITS MURDEROUS COURSE.

LIKE AN ENRAGED BEAST, THE EXECUTIONER TURNS AND LUNGES FOR THELMA... BUT THE HANGMAN DISENTANGLES HIMSELF AND...



WELL, THAT WAS SHORT AND FAST, HANGMAN!



WATCH THE BIRDIE, EXECUTIONER!

THANKS TO YOU, THELMA! I'LL RING HEADQUARTERS TO HAVE THEM CART THIS MESS AWAY!



HELLO, CHIEF, I'VE A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR YOU! THE EXECUTIONER DROPPED IN HERE FOR A VISIT! HE'S RESTING NOW! COME AND GET HIM!



THE EXECUTIONER IS ARRESTED AND TAKEN TO A CELL WHERE HE MEETS...



..CAPTAIN EWASTIKA THE EXECUTIONER, I BELIEVE!

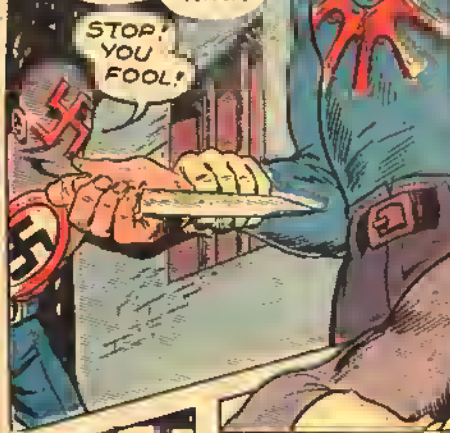


**THE EXECUTIONER  
RIPS A CONCEALED KNIFE  
FROM UNDER  
HIS BELT.**



I'VE LOST  
FACE IN THE  
EYES OF MY  
HEAVENLY  
EMPEROR!

THERE IS ONLY  
ONE WAY TO  
REDEEM MY  
HONOR... HARA-  
KIRI!



STOP!  
YOU  
FOOL!

**THE HANGMAN IS  
RESPONSIBLE FOR  
BOTH OUR PREDICA-  
MENTS. WE CAN STILL  
AVENGE OURSELVES,  
BUT KILLING YOUR-  
SELF WON'T DO ANY  
GOOD.. GIVE ME  
THAT KNIFE!**



WHAT ARE YOU  
GOING  
TO DO?



WATCH  
AND  
SEE!

**INGENUOUSLY, CAPT. SWASTIKA USES THE  
GLEAMING BLADE TO FLASH  
HELIOGRAPH SIGNALS...**



**TO A CABIN ON A  
DISTANT HILLTOP.**



AT  
LAST  
CAPTAIN  
SWASTIKA  
HAS  
CONTACTED  
ME!

**THE WATCHER MAKES A  
PHONE CALL.**



ROUND OOT  
COMPLETES  
DER MESSAGE!

GOOD!  
I'LL GET  
RIGHT  
TO WORK  
ON IT!



MEANWHILE, RADIO NEWCASTERS COMMENT ON THE TWO ARCH-FOES OF DEMOCRACY.

IN JUST A FEW WEEKS, CAPTAIN SWASTIKA AND THE EXECUTIONER WILL WALK THEIR LAST MILE TO THE GALLS.

BOTH CRIMINALS HAVE BOASTED THEY WILL ESCAPE. AUTHORITIES DISCOUNT THIS STATEMENT, BUT THE GENERAL PUBLIC IS UNEASY!

NEVER BEFORE IN HISTORY HAS A MORE CAREFUL WATCH BEEN PLACED ON ANY CRIMINALS!

AT HIS HOME, A PROMINENT POLITICIAN LISTENS ANGRILY.

CONFOUND IT! I'M GOING TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS RIGHT NOW! I'M GOING TO SEE THE GOVERNOR HIMSELF!

GOOD EVENING, MR. STARR!

GOOD EVENING, MR. STARR! TELL THE GOVERNOR I WOULD LIKE TO SEE HIM!

SIMON STARR! WELL! GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

GOOD TO SEE YOU TOO, GOVERNOR! BUT ENOUGH OF THAT.. I'M HERE ON AN IMPORTANT MISSION!

WHOSE STUPID IDEA WAS IT TO HAVE CAPT. SWASTIKA AND THE EXECUTIONER INTERNED IN AN ORDINARY STATE PRISON? THEY'RE DANGEROUS CRIMINALS, MAN!

BUT AFTER ALL, STARR..

BUT NOT THE GOVERNOR! SWASTIKA ESCAPED TWICE BEFORE! AS A PUBLIC-MINDED OFFICIAL, I DEMAND THAT THEY BE TAKEN ON BERRIRAZZ ISLAND TO THE FEDERAL PRISON WHERE THEY'LL BE REALLY SAFE!

BY GEORGE, STARR, I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT! BERRIRAZZ IS JUST THE PLACE FOR THEM! I'LL ISSUE THE ORDER AT ONCE!

SOME TIME LATER, THE EXECUTIONER AND CAPT. SWASTIKA ARE TAKEN UNCEREMONIOUSLY FROM THEIR CELLS...

ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO.. GET MOVING!

WHERE ARE YOU TAKING US?

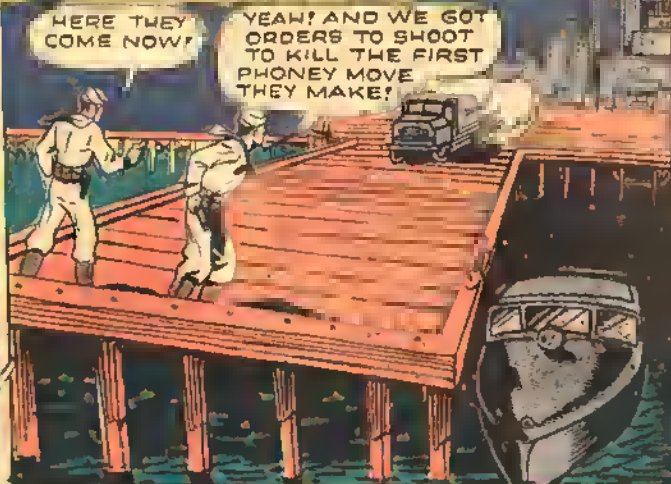
A PLACE THAT'S MORE COMFORTABLE FOR SUCH DISTINGUISHED GUESTS! COME ON, MOVE!



THE JAP AND NAZI ARE ESCORTED INTO AN ARMORED CAR UNDER INTENSE SUPERVISION EVERY INCH OF THE WAY.



THEN, A SWIFT JOURNEY TO THE WATERFRONT WHERE A POLICE LAUNCH AWAITS THEM.

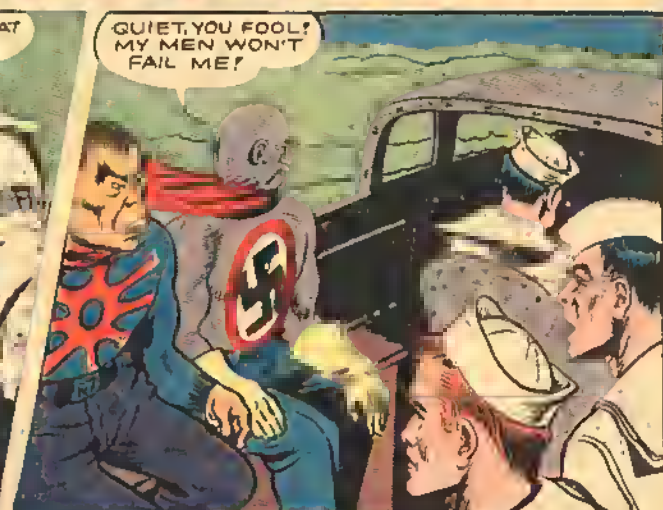


HERE THEY COME NOW!

YEAH! AND WE GOT ORDERS TO SHOOT TO KILL THE FIRST PHONEY MOVE THEY MAKE!



SWASTIKA, WHERE IS THAT WONDERFUL PLAN OF YOURS? WE'RE WORSE OFF THAN BEFORE!



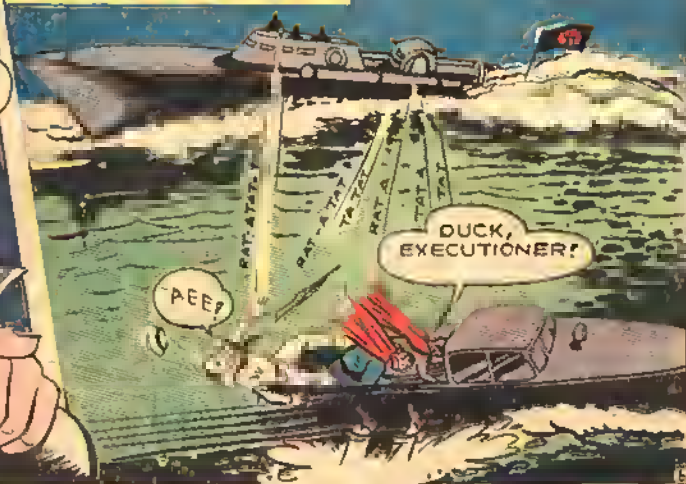
QUIET, YOU FOOL! MY MEN WON'T FAIL ME!

SUDDENLY THE SAILOR UP FRONT SHOUTS.



LOOK! NAZIS!

MACHINE GUN FIRE CHATTERS FROM THE NAZI LAUNCH



DUCK, EXECUTIONER!

PEE!

ABOUT AN HOUR LATER, BOB DICKERING AND THELMA EMERGE FROM A MOVIE. IT FEELS SWELL TO ENJOY A PICTURE AGAIN NOW THAT CAPT. SWASTIKA AND THE EXECUTIONER ARE SAFE BEHIND BARS!

YOU BET! SAY? HOW'S ABOUT A SODA?

SUDDENLY!

BOB, LOOK!

GOOD LORD!

EXECUTIONER AND CAPT SWASTIKA ESCAPE

HELLO..CHIEF? ANYTHING DOING? WHAT? SIMON STARR PHONED THAT HE WANTED TO SPEAK TO ME? O.K., I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH HIM RIGHT AWAY.

I'D BETTER PHONE MY EDITOR!

I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO MR. STARR, PLEASE!

THIS IS STARR SPEAKING. OH..MISS GORDON? I'VE GOT IMPORTANT INFORMATION ABOUT CAPT. SWASTIKA AND THE EXECUTIONER!

CAN YOU BRING THE HANG-MAN TO MY HOME RIGHT AWAY? IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!

..AND HE WANTS ME TO BRING THE HANGMAN ALONG. I WONDER WHAT THIS INFORMATION CAN BE?

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT. LET'S GET GOING!





HERE'S THE HOUSE NOW. C'MON!



STARR GREETES THEM IN THE HALL..

HANGMAN! THANK HEAVENS YOU'VE COME!

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, STARR?

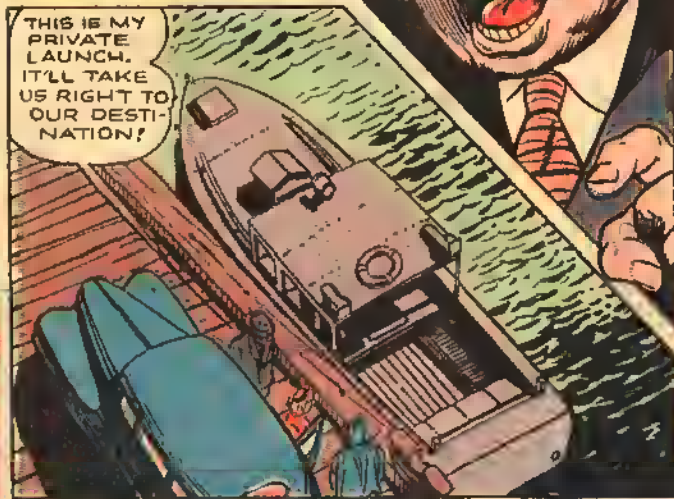
NO TIME FOR TALK! WE HAVEN'T A MINUTE TO WASTE! LET'S BE ON OUR WAY!



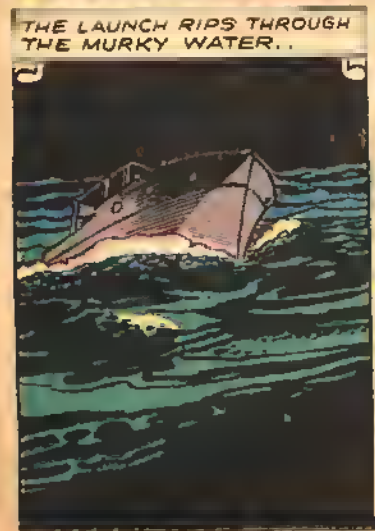
THEY ENTER A WAITING CAR..



JUST COME WITH ME!



THIS IS MY PRIVATE LAUNCH. IT'LL TAKE US RIGHT TO OUR DESTINATION!



THE LAUNCH RIPS THROUGH THE MURKY WATER..



..AND HEADS DIRECTLY TOWARD A STONE-WALLED AND OMINOUS ISLAND.

HERE'S THE PLACE NOW!



FOLLOW ME!

O.K., STARR! WE'RE RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

HEY! (PUFF) TAKE IT EASY!

SAY! WHAT KIND OF CRAZY LAYOUT IS THIS ANYWAY? DO YOU MIND TELLING US WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, STARR?



I'LL TELL YOU, HANGMAN!

THE EXECUTIONER!



AND I!

CAPTAIN SWASTIKA!



STARR, THE BIG SHOT POLITICIAN, A FIFTH COLUMNIST? WHY YOU DIRTY...



YES, HANGMAN. STARR HAS BEEN A VERY VALUABLE ALLY FOR A LONG WHILE... BUT THE KNOWLEDGE WILL NEVER DO YOU ANY GOOD, BECAUSE...



TUT, TUT, HANGMAN, NO ABUSE, PLEASE. I'M A VERY SENSITIVE MAN!



.. NOW YOU DIE!

NOT YET, SWASTIKA!

EEEE!





KEEP YOUR CHIN  
UP, EXECUTIONER!  
THE WORST IS  
YET TO  
COME!

LOOKOUT, HANGMAN!  
STARR'S GOING TO  
SHOOT!

THE ONLY SHOOTING HE IS  
GOING TO DO IS RIGHT  
INTO THAT WALL!

POW!

BUT THE POWERFUL ARM OF  
CAPTAIN SWASTIKA LUNGES  
OUT WITH A THROTTLING  
GRIP.

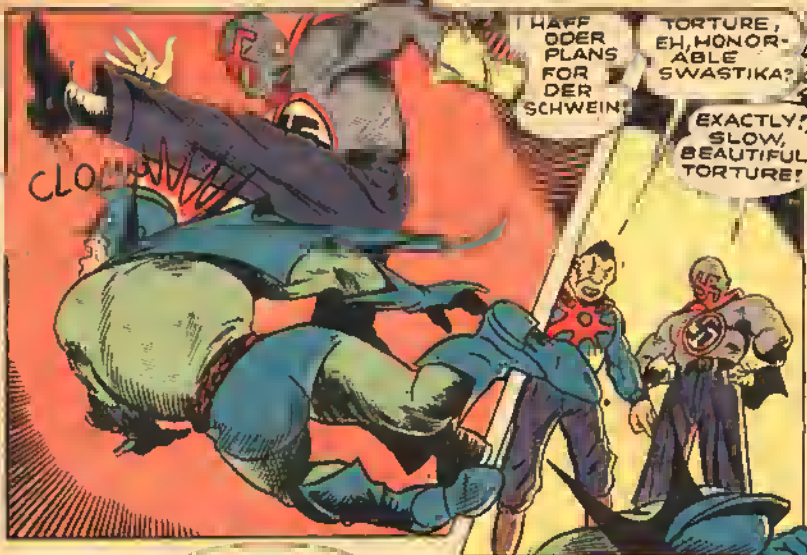
UGH!

HE'S AS  
SLIPPERY  
AS AN EEL!  
CURSE HIS  
BONES!

OOF!

OOF!

GOOD WORK,  
EXECUTIONER!  
I'M GLAD YOU  
DIDN'T KILL  
HIM YET!



I HAVE  
ODER  
PLANS  
FOR  
DER  
SCHWEIN!

TORTURE,  
EH, HONOR-  
ABLE  
SWASTIKA?

AND IN LESS TIME THAN  
IT TAKES TO TELL, THE  
GRIM AVENGER OF  
CRIME IS CHAINED TO  
THE WALL.

EXACTLY!  
SLOW,  
BEAUTIFUL  
TORTURE!



NOW I SHALL  
LEAVE YOU TO DER  
TENDER MERCIES OF  
DER EXECUTIONER...  
WHILE I ESCORT  
HERR STARR  
BACK TO HIS  
BOAT?

I WISH I COULD  
STAY FOR THE  
ENTERTAINMENT,  
CAPTAIN... BUT I'O  
BETTER BE ON  
MY WAY!

WE GET IN TOUCH  
WID YOU SOON,  
HERR STARR!



SHALL I CHOP  
OFF AN ARM OR A  
LEG TO START WITH?  
I DON'T THINK I CAN  
WAIT FOR SWASTIKA  
TO RETURN!

LISTEN, EXECUTIONER! DO YOU IMAGINE  
SWASTIKA IS WORKING WITH YOU?  
THEN WHY DID HE ALLOW SIMON  
STARR TO RETURN TO THE  
MAINLAND? WHY? THEY'RE  
CUTTING YOU OUT!  
THAT'S WHY!

YOU'RE BEING MADE A  
DUPE! HE'S  
USING  
TYPICAL  
NAZI TRICKS!

DIVIDE  
AND  
CONQUER?  
DIDN'T YOU  
SEE THEM  
WINK AT  
EACH  
OTHER?

THEY'RE  
PLOTING  
TO GET  
RID OF



THE HANGMAN IS RIGHT!  
I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM  
LATER, BUT FIRST I  
SETTLE WITH THOSE  
NAZI DOGS!



AS THE POWER LAUNCH  
SPEEDS AWAY FROM  
SATAN'S ISLAND, THE  
EXECUTIONER RAISES  
HIS MIGHTY AXE AND...

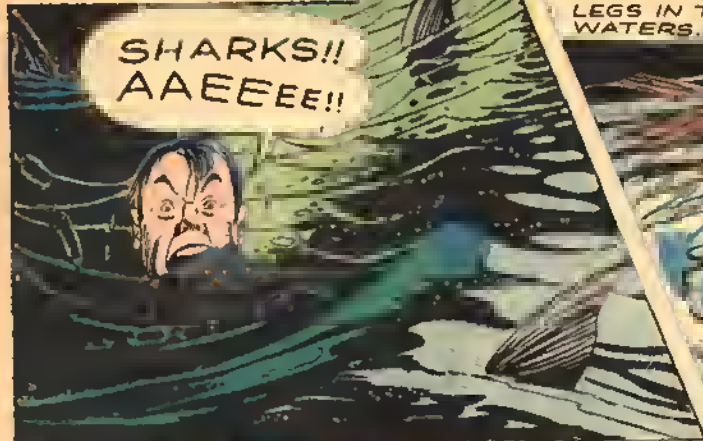


WHA...  
YOU FOOL!  
D-DONT!

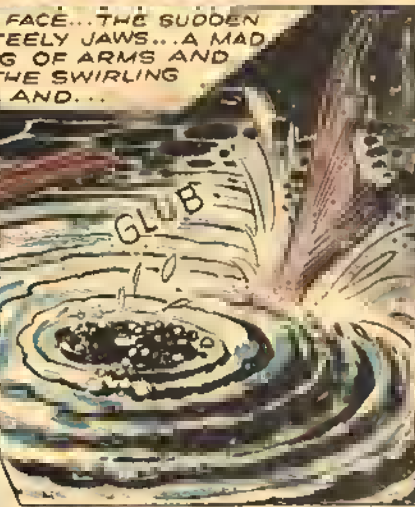
HI-HEY!  
W-WHAT  
IS THIS?



SHARKS!!  
AAEEEEEE!!



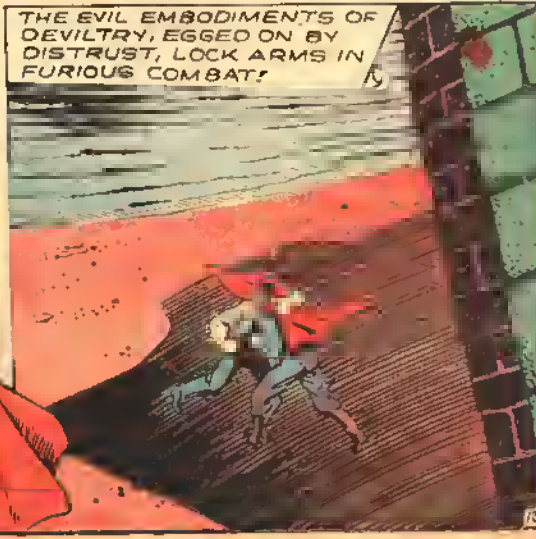
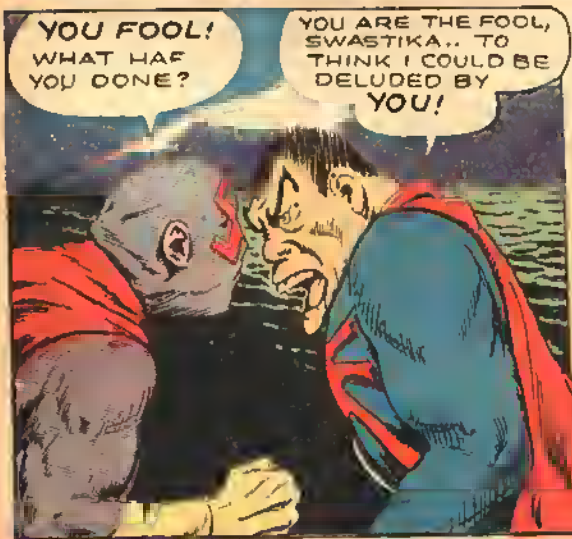
A TERRIFIED FACE... THE SUDDEN  
SNAP OF STEELY JAWS... A MAD  
THRASHING OF ARMS AND  
LEGS IN THE SWIRLING  
WATERS... AND...



YOU FOOL!  
WHAT HAF  
YOU DONE?

YOU ARE THE FOOL,  
SWASTIKA.. TO  
THINK I COULD BE  
DELUDED BY  
YOU!

THE EVIL EMBODIMENTS OF  
DEVILTRY, EGGED ON BY  
DISTRUST, LOCK ARMS IN  
FURIOUS COMBAT!



MEANWHILE...

GOOD! THEY'RE AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS. NOW TO TRY AND BREAK OUT OF THESE RUSTY WEAKENED CHAINS!

SO YOU THINK YOU ARE A MATCH FOR ME?

DIE, YOU FOOL!

OOO!

LEAPING FORWARD LIKE AN UNCOILED COBRA.. THE VENEMOUS NAZI STRIKES FOR THE THROAT.

IN A DYING EFFORT, THE EXECUTIONER FLIPS THE KNIFE AT HIS RIVAL.

NOW.. I HAF YOU.. UGH! AR-RNG!

KILLED EACH OTHER, EH? I MUST GET BACK TO THE!

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE EXECUTIONER AND CAPT. SWASTIKA?

THEIR DAY IS OVER!

I LEFT THEM BOTH DYING ON THE BEACH. IF THEY HAVEN'T KILLED EACH OTHER OFF, THEY MAY YET END UP ON THE GALLOWS!



# DESIGN FOR THE GALLOWS

## A HANGMAN STORY

IT WAS all so easy. Greaseball Jack smiled to himself as he plodded along the riverbank. The moon shone full, casting eerie shadows from the tree-branches. Like arms coming down and trying to grab you, thought Greaseball. Nuts. Let the other guys be superstitious. He wasn't such a sap. The rest of the gang in his cell-block had thought he was crazy when he planned his escape on Friday the thirteenth. That's why it worked so effectively. Johnny, the trusty, gave him the keys to get a pack of cards he'd left in the laundry. "I don't like to leave the ace of spades hangin' around on the thirteenth," Greaseball had explained. Johnny had understood, or thought he understood. "Sure, Greaseball. I'm superstitious too. Get your cards and bring the keys right back!" "Sure will. So long Johnny." That "so long" had been goodbye to Johnny, and goodbye to the whole prison. It was easy. No guards to slug; no walls to climb over with machine-guns trained on you. Just walk right out of the laundry-room's back door.

An owl hooted ominously, and flapped its great wings. Anybody else'd be scared, thought Greaseball, but not me. It's only an owl. In half an hour he'd reach the hideout. He had planned just this kind of an escape when the cops put the finger on him after the last bank job he'd done. A cache of canned food, enough to last him a whole year. Books to read, a battery radio to keep in touch with the outside world, and plenty of kerosene to light the lamps at night. No electricity; he didn't want the electric light company snooping around where they weren't wanted.

Clouds fell across the moon, and a hound started baying frantically. "Somebody ought to shoot that mutt," murmured Greaseball as he sighted his cabin. Suddenly, he became rooted to the spot. Something black was sprawled across the front flagstone. As he approached, it got up, arched its back and meowed pitcously. A black cat! Greaseball took hold of himself, and feigned pleasure. "Nice pussy, nice little pussy cat. Want some milk?" He swung open the

heavy door and entered. A musty smell greeted his nostrils. Better open the shutters and let some air come in. No, on second thought, better not. Someone might spot the lighted cabin. Furtively, Greaseball moved about in the dark, and stumbled against his stack of supplies. His groping fingers touched a shirt, a pair of trousers, socks, shoes, all carefully placed there for just this moment, and he quickly changed his clothes. Then he hid the convict suit deep under the pile of supplies.

The black cat suddenly rubbed itself against him. "Cut that out, cancha see I'm busy?" Angrily he lunged out with a kick and caught the cat in the stomach. It let out a horrible shriek, and sweating furiously, Greaseball clubbed it with a small can. The lamp had gone out and he felt a trickle of something wet on his hand. He lit a match, and suddenly the entire floor was ablaze. That can, it must have been full of kerosene. Madly, he thrashed about trying to put out the flames.

In the meantime, not two miles away, Bob Dickering and

Thelma were enroute for their first vacation.

"Nice of the girls to invite us up to their place," remarked Bob, as he swung the car round with the steep bend of the road. "Some wild country out here—swell place to get away from people."

Suddenly, Thelma pointed to the left, and shouted: "Look! Over there—a fire!"

Abruptly Bob stopped the car and stood up in his seat for a better view. "You're right, Thel. I'll beat it over there, and you hurry back to town for help!" "But Bob—" "No 'buts' about it; get going!"

As the car sped away, Bob Dickering broke into a run. Finally he saw that the fire was coming out of a cabin, hidden away in the woods, far from the main road. In another two minutes he was dashing through the door. There he saw Greaseball vainly trying to smother the flames. Without a word, Dickering filled pails of water from the pump at the sink and dashed them against the fire. It wasn't long before the last flame ducked out, leaving the floor a charred mass of black boards.

"I didn't get here any too soon," said Bob smiling.

"Well, you can't leave any too quick to suit me," answered Greaseball surlily. "I don't like visitors."

"Well, that's a fine way to thank someone who helps you put out your fire!" remarked Bob. He turned to the door, and noticed the battered body of the black cat. "How did this happen?" he inquired.

"Never mind, buddy, just scram!"

"Okay, have it your way," replied Dickering. "But a dead black cat and a fire on Friday the thirteenth don't spell good luck to me!"

Greaseball's face went white. "Don't gimme any of that 'luck' stuff, willya! GET OUT!"

"Very, very strange," murmured Dickering as he closed the door behind him. "I think the Hangman would be interested in this, very interested!" He melted into the shadows, and as the clouds scurried past the moon, the sudden blue light revealed THE HANGMAN.

Inside, Greaseball, still shaking from the turn of events tried to keep his mind clear. Bad luck, there's nothin' in it. Just a lot of bad breaks, that's all.

"If I get caught, it's my own fault. Nothin's written in the cards," he muttered audibly, "and there ain't no such thing as Fate pullin' no strings either. Nobody's got nothin' on me!"

"Haven't they?" A sharp

voice cut out through the atmosphere like a steel knife.

Greaseball whirled around. "Wh—who are you?"

"I'm known as the Hangman!" The hooded figure advanced, his penetrating eyes fixed on the fugitive.

"If you have committed no wrong, there's no reason for you to be frightened!"

Suddenly Greaseball uttered a low moan. The warning shadow of the gallows flitted across his terrified face. With a rapid movement, he flung himself at the powerfully built man. With the titanic strength of a frenzied person, Greaseball lunged out with telling blows. At once the Hangman sprang into action. Blow for blow he traded with Greaseball. But it was a struggle of insanity against the cool methodical onslaught of the Hangman. Greaseball gave ground, and as he dodged backwards, he tripped, and fell.

Later, when the police arrived, they found only Bob Dickering and the unconscious form of Greaseball.

"He'll live," remarked the Sergeant as he bent over the convict. "Say, what's this?"

Bob Dickering moved Greaseball's foot. Below it was the object over which he had tripped—the black cat!



# **LAUGH! LAUGH! LAUGH!** in the **SEPT. TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS!**

YOU'LL LAUGH UNTIL YOUR RIBS ACHE, UNTIL TEARS ARE IN YOUR EYES, UNTIL YOU CAN'T CATCH YOUR BREATH — AS YOU WATCH THE ANTICS OF POKEY OAKY, THE FUNNIEST FUNNY MAN OF THEM ALL; SUZIE, THE WACKIEST DAMSEL THIS SIDE OF THE MOON; SENOR SIESTA, THE SCREWY SOUTH AMERICAN; SNOOP MCGOOK, THE WORLD'S DUMBEST DETECTIVE; THE THREE MONKEYTEERS; AND MANY OTHERS...



ALSO FEATURING THE BLACK HOOD, IN DESPERATE COMBAT WITH THAT ARCH-MURDERER, THE MOLD, WHOSE DEATH WEAPON HORRIFIES THE NATION!...WATCH FOR YOUR COPY OF THE **SEPT. TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS!**

# THE HANGMAN

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, IT'S TRUE!  
THE MISSIONARY IS BACK  
AGAIN! BUT THIS TIME OUR  
STORY BEGINS BEHIND THE  
BARS OF STATE PRISON,  
WHERE WITH SEEMING PIETY  
THE MISSIONARY LEADS THE  
CONVICTS IN SINGING HYMNS.  
...BUT ALL IS NOT PEACEFUL  
AS IT LOOKS. FAR FROM IT...

Special Case  
#9

1941  
24/5





CERTAINLY,  
MY SON! WHAT  
IS TROUBLING  
YOU?

YOU SEEM LIKE A RIGHT GUY,  
I JUST WANNA TELL YA A  
COUPLA FELLAS AND MY-  
SELF ARE PLANNING A  
BREAK TONIGHT! YA  
WOULDN'T LIKE TO  
JOIN US, WOULD  
JA, MISH?

AN' WHEN I GETS OUT  
I'M GOIN' DOWN DE  
STRAIGHT AND NAR-  
ROW. HONEST! YOU  
HAVE REFORMED ME  
WID YER PREACHIN'.  
MISH!

YOU DO WHAT  
EVER YOU THINK  
WISE, MY SON!

GOD HELPS THOSE  
WHO HELP THEM-  
SELVES!

THAT NIGHT...

A HIGH POWERED  
SEARCHLIGHT  
SLICES THROUGH  
THE INKY BLACK-  
NESS...

BEAT IT, BOYS! THEY'VE  
TOINED DE LIGHTS  
ON!

... AND LEADEN DEATH RAKES  
THE ENTIRE WALL...

...AND THREE CRUMPLED BODIES IN THE PRISON YARD GIVE MUTE AND HORRIBLE EVIDENCE OF A JAIL-BREAK WHICH FAILED...

YOU SANCTIMONIOUS HYPOCRITE! YOUR INFORMATION HAS RESULTED IN FOILING THE JAILBREAK, BUT I LOATH THE SIGHT OF YOU!

TCH-TCH-TCH!

I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW THE INFORMATION YOU GAVE US LOPS OFF THE REMAINING 6-MONTHS OF YOUR SENTENCE! NO ONE'S HAPPIER THAN I TO SEE YOU GO!

WORDS OF WRATH ARE NOT WORDS OF WISDOM, MY DEAR WARDEN! I SHALL LEAVE TOMORROW AND JOIN MY EARTHLY FLOCK!

PEACE BE WITH YOU, WARDEN

A MESSAGE MOVES FROM HAND TO HAND...

ANOTHER CONVICT GLUES HIS EAR TO THE DOOR...

...UNTIL IT LEAVES THE PRISON IN A GHOE...

...IT FINALLY ENDS IN A HOUSE, WHERE IT IS PLACED INTO AN ENVELOPE AND MAILED.



HEIL HITLER!  
DIS NOTE CHUST  
CAME FOR YOU,  
HERR CHIEF!

HEIL  
HITLER! GIF  
IT HERE!

HMM... MOST  
INTERESTING! A CONVICT  
CALLED DER MISSIONARY

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE PRISON...

...AND MAY THESE POOR  
MISGUIDED MORTALS FIND  
THE SALVATION THEY WERE  
SEEKING. BLAH, BLAH....

GEE, DE POOR  
GUYS WAS ONLY  
TRYING TO ESCAPE  
TOO!

INFORMS  
ON HIS FELLOW  
PRISONERS UND  
GETS HIS SENTENCE  
REDUCED. HMM!  
VE COULD USE  
A MAN OF SUCH  
CLEVERNESS..

...TO CONCLUDE, MAY  
THEY REST IN PEACE.

THANK HEAVEN  
IT WON'T BE  
LONG BEFORE  
I'M OUT OF  
THIS PIG-  
STY!

MINUTES LATER THE MISSIONARY  
WALKS OUT, A FREE MAN...

HEY-YOU! WOULD  
YOU LIKE A LIFT?

NO, THANK YOU!  
MY WAY IS TO  
WALK WITH THE  
HUMBLE!

A  
BILL  
CHANGES  
HANDS.

...AND THE  
MISSIONARY  
ENTERS THE CAR

THE NAZI  
GOVERNMENT  
CAN USE YOUR  
SERVICES!

EASY MONEY!  
THIS IS THE CHANCE  
I'VE BEEN LOOK-  
ING FOR!

A  
HUNDRED  
DOLLARS!

WE WANT YOU TO  
HELP SPREAD DER  
NAZI TEACHINGS!  
YOU WILL HAVE ALL  
DER MONEY YOU  
NEED AT YOUR  
DISPOSAL!

PERFECT! I HUMBLY  
ACCEPT YOUR OFFER  
AND A SLIGHT (AHEM)  
ADVANCE, IF YOU  
PLEASE!

AND IN THE ENSUING WEEKS, A NEW KIND OF NAZI  
POISON PERVADES THE COUNTRY, AS THE MISSIONARY  
TWISTS THE SACRED WORDS OF THE BIBLE TO SERVE  
HIS ENDS...

COME  
UNTO  
ME MY  
BRETHREN!

THE  
VOICE OF  
THE  
HEAVENLY  
WORD

... MONEY IS  
POURING IN!  
THOUSANDS OF  
DOLLARS IN  
CONTRIBUTIONS!  
ER... I'LL TAKE MY  
SHARE NOW!

TAKE IT ALL.  
HA, HA, MONEY  
IS NO OBJECT.  
DER PROPAGANDA  
INTERESTS US ONLY...  
TONIGHT YOU WILL HAVE AN  
EVEN GREATER AUDIENCE. I HAVE  
ARRANGED FOR YOU TO

NEXT NIGHT...

GREETINGS, MY CHILDREN!  
THIS IS THE VOICE OF THE  
HEAVENLY WORD BRING-  
ING YOU A MESSAGE OF  
PEACE!

AMERICA MUST  
THINK! ARE WE  
ALWAYS RIGHT?  
IS NOT THE  
OTHER SIDE  
SOMETIMES  
THE TRUE  
SIDE? BLAH-  
BLAH-BLAH.

THELMA!  
THAT VOICE!  
I'D KNOW IT  
ANYWHERE!

SO WOULD  
I, BOB-IT'S...

...THAT SWINDLING  
KILLER, THE MISSION-  
ARY! I DIDN'T KNOW  
HE WAS OUT OF  
JAIL!

SO HE'S THE  
ANTI-AMERICAN  
HEAVENLY WORD!  
WELL, THE HANG-  
MAN'S GOING TO  
DO SOMETHING  
ABOUT THAT!



YEA, MY CHILDREN! LET US DO MORE THAN PRAY FOR PEACE. LET US DEMAND IT!

SUDDENLY, THE BLACK SHADOW OF THE GALLOW'S MARKS A WARNING UPON THE WALL...

GIVE ME THAT MICROPHONE, MISSIONARY! I'VE ALSO GOT A MESSAGE FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE!

THE HANGMAN!

FELLOW AMERICANS, THE HEAVENLY WORD YOU'VE BEEN LISTENING TO IS NONE OTHER THAN A CHEAP LYING EX-CONVICT -- THE MISSIONARY. DO NOT BE DELUDED...

HIS ONLY RELIGION IS MONEY. HIS CULT, MURDER!

GET AWAY FROM THAT MICROPHONE, BLAST YOU!

WELL, SO AM I!

CRASH

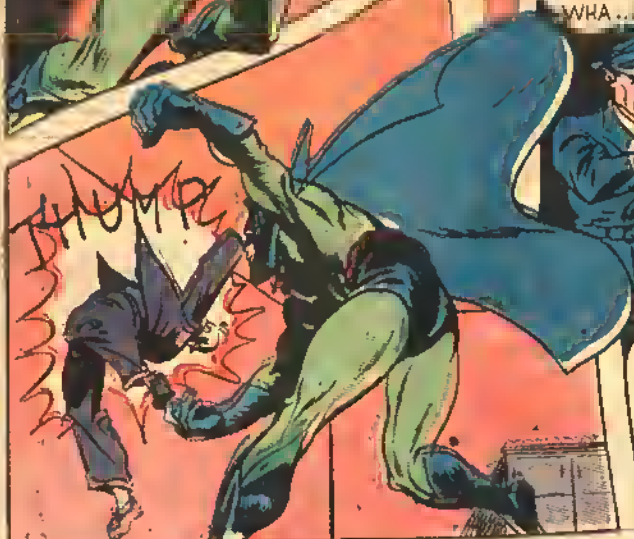
TCH-TCH - THROWING MONEY AWAY! YOU REALLY ARE MAD, AREN'T YOU?



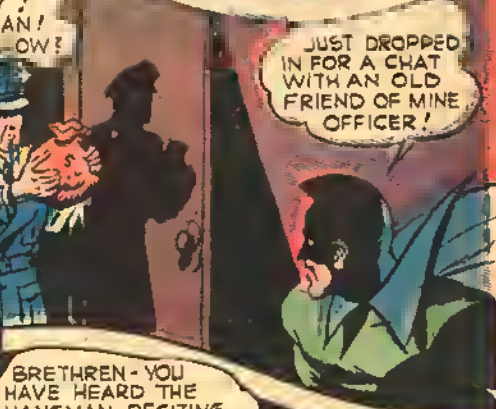
THANKS JUST THE SAME - I DON'T THINK I'LL HAVE A CHAIR!



BUT YOU LOOK TIRED, MISSIONARY! TAKE THE LOAD OFF YOUR FEET!



THIS FELL OUT OF YOUR WINDOW... S-A-Y! HANGMAN! WHA... OW?

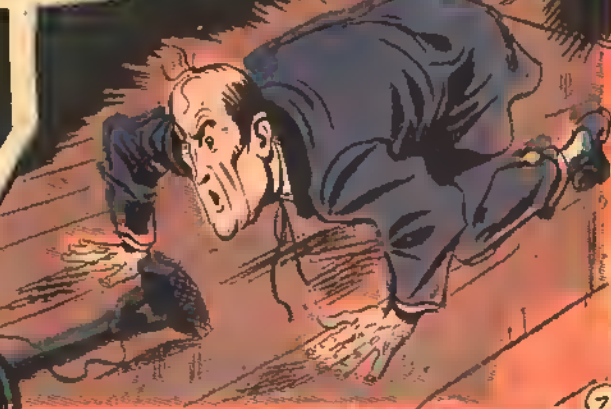


JUST DROPPED IN FOR A CHAT WITH AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE OFFICER!

BRETHREN - YOU HAVE HEARD THE HANGMAN RECITING A PACK OF LIES... HE HUNK? CURSE IT - THIS MICROPHONE'S BROKEN!



SO LONG, MISSIONARY! I'M GOING TO KEEP AN EYE ON YOU! YOU'RE BOUND TO GLIP UP AGAIN AND STICK YOUR NECK IN A NOOSE!





THAT NIGHT, AT THELMA'S OFFICE...

DID YOU HEAR THE  
HEAVENLY WORDS  
ATTACK ON THE  
HANGMAN, BOSS?

YEAH, AND  
HEARD

IT SOUNDED  
LIKE A  
BANG-UP FIGHT  
DURING THIS  
AFTERNOON'S  
BROADCAST!

IT LOOKS LIKE A GREAT  
STORY! I WANT YOU, JOHNNY  
AND THELMA, TO FIND OUT  
WHO'S IN BACK OF THIS  
"HEAVENLY WORD"!

THERE HE IS.  
LET'S GET TO  
THE BUSINESS  
OFFICE! IT'LL  
BE DESERTED  
THIS LATE  
AT NIGHT!

HEAVENLY WORD  
BROADCAST  
T-O-N-I-G-H-T

RADIO  
THEATER

TEN PAST  
NINE. HE  
MUST BE  
ON THE  
AIR BY  
NOW!

COME ON.  
NOBODY'S  
IN THE HALL!

PRIVATE  
BUSINESS OFFICE

I'VE GOT IT!  
COME HERE  
THELMA!  
LOOK!

SEARCH THROUGH THOSE FILES  
JOHNNY! THERE OUGHT TO BE A  
RECORD SHOWING WHO'S SPON-  
SORING THESE  
BROADCASTS!

COPIES OF THE  
CONTRACT FOR TWO  
"HEAVENLY WORD"  
PROGRAMS DAILY!

PAID IN ADVANCE FOR  
SIX MONTHS BY MR. J.  
GOK 2, 13 ANGEL  
STREET!

LET'S GO, JOHNNY! THIS MR. GORTZ MAY HAVE SOME FRONT PAGE NEWS FOR US!

I HOPE SO!

BUT LOOK! NONE OTHER THAN THE MISSIONARY LEAVES THE STUDIO BUILDING...

13 ANGEL STREET, AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!

HMM... WHERE DID I LEAVE MY CHARIOT?

AH! HERE WE ARE! AFTER TONIGHT'S BROADCAST I'LL BUY MYSELF A NEW CAR!

AT THE SAME MOMENT, AT 13 ANGEL STREET...

I HOPE DESE PRINTED VORDS VILL DO AS MUCH GOOD FOR OUR CAUSE AS DER BROADCASTS HAF!

QUITE AN IDEA TO PRINT OUR LITERATURE HERE... VONDER VAT'S KEEPING DER MISSIONARY? I HAVE MANY BONES TO PICK WITH HIM!

AS THE DOOR OPENS...

ABOUT TIME YOU SHOWED UP, MR. HEAVENLY MISSIONARY! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU...

W-H-A-T! W-WHO ARE YOU? HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?

JUST STROLLED IN, MR. GORTZ, TO FIND A MOST INTERESTING SET-UP! SWASTIKAS AND THE PRINTING OF NAZI PROPAGANDA!

WITH SUDDEN FIERCENESS A PAIR OF HANDS REACHES OUT FOR JOHNNY'S NECK, SQUEEZING TIGHTER AND TIGHTER...

THE NEXT STORY HERE THAT'LL BUST THIS TOWN WIDE OPEN!

UGGHH

ODH





TAKE CARE OF THE FEMALE, GORTZ! I'LL ATTEND TO THIS NOSEY NEWS HAWK!



TOO BAD THIS MAN HAD NO TIME TO SAY HIS PRAYERS!

DIS WILL STIFLE YOU-UNTIL VE DECIDE HOW TO DISPOSE OF YOU!

UND NOW FOR YOU, HERR MISSIONARY, YOU HAF BEEN GETTING TOO HIGH UND MIGHTY! UNDERSTAND- I AM DER BOSS!

YOU MAY THINK YOU ARE BUT... ACTUALLY I AM!



YOU HAD BETTER DO AS I SAY-OTHER- WISE I TURN YOU IN FOR DIS MURDER OF YOURS!

WHY... YOU DOUBLE-CROSSING...

DEAR, DEAR! HARSH WORDS...

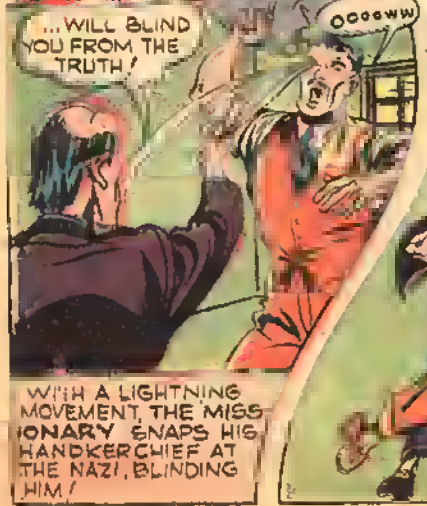
THREATS ARE OF NO AVAIL, MY MAN! SO LONG AS I RECEIVE THE CONTRIBUTIONS I SHALL DO AS I PLEASE!

WHIP-LIKE, THE MISSIONARY LASHES OUT WITH A FIERCE LEFT HOOK...



N-NO! NO! DON'T!

THOSE WHO LIVE BY THE GUN...



...WILL BLIND YOU FROM THE TRUTH!

Ooooooww

WITH A LIGHTNING MOVEMENT, THE MISSIONARY ENAPS HIS HANDKERCHIEF AT THE NAZI, BLINDING HIM!

...MUST DIE BY  
THE GUN! REST IN  
PEACE, UNFORTUNATE  
MAN!

NOW, MY DEAR, I SHALL ADMINISTER  
A LITTLE LETHAL LESSON TO YOU!

M-M-N-N-N-UH!

AND THEN...

THE HANGMAN!

I'LL HAVE YOU OUT  
OF THIS IN A MOMENT,  
THELMA!

NOW WHERE DID  
THAT PHONY  
PARSON GO?

DOWN  
THE STAIRS,  
HANGMAN!

NOT SO FAST,  
MISSIONARY! I'VE GOT  
A COUPLE OF QUESTIONS  
TO ASK YOU!

THE HANGMAN DASHES DOWN THE STAIRS INTO  
THE CELL-R AND FINDS...

...A NEST OF  
RATZIS!

STOP HIM,  
OR WE'RE ALL  
LOST!





THOSE THAT SMITE SHALL  
IN TURN BE SMITTEN! YOU  
HAVEN'T GOT ME YET!

UNCOILING LIKE A  
COBRA, THE HANG-  
MAN LUNGES OUT  
WITH HIS FOOT...

OooOomph!

CRUNCH

HANGMAN, ARE  
YOU ALL RIGHT?

HELLO, THEE... YOU  
MIGHT ASK THESE  
LADS THAT QUESTION!

WEEKS LATER

WELL,  
MISSIONARY,  
THIS TIME YOU  
REALLY MEASURED  
YOURSELF FOR A  
NOOSE.....I  
WARNED YOU  
YOU'D SLIP...  
TAKE HIM  
AWAY, BOYS!


I HAVE COME TO  
GIVE YOU COMFORT  
IN YOUR LAST MOMENTS!

SAVE IT...I AM  
A MAN OF THE  
CLOTH MYSELF!  
I SHALL SAY  
MY OWN  
LAST  
WORDS!

.. AND SO I GO TO  
MY ETERNAL REST,  
A BLAMELESS, MISUN-  
DERSTOOD MAN DOING  
MUCH GOOD UNTO MY  
FELLOW MAN...  
UNTIL I WAS  
CAUGHT!

BUT IS THIS  
REALLY THE  
END OF THE  
MISSIONARY?  
MORE OF THE  
HANGMAN  
IN EVERY  
ISSUE  
OF  
PEP  
Comics





THE  
MAN-O-WAR  
BIRD HAS  
BEEN TRAINED TO  
ACT AS POSTMAN  
IN CERTAIN OF  
THE SOUTH SEA  
ISLANDS



### Tree of DEATH

THE "DATURA" TREE  
OF SOUTH AMERICA  
PRODUCES BEAUTIFUL  
LARGE WHITE FLOWERS.  
BUT THEY ARE  
THE SOURCE OF  
**ATROPINE**  
A DEADLY POISON.



### HIGH JUMPING CHAMPS

THE UN-OFFICIAL  
HIGH JUMPING CHAMP-  
IONS OF THE WORLD  
ARE THE MEMBERS  
OF THE TALL, HANDSOME  
**WATUSSI TRIBE**  
OF SOUTH AFRICA

THEY CAN JUMP BETWEEN  
**7 and 8 FEET**



MALE **SEA LIONS** AND  
FUR BEARING SEALS  
CAN GO FOR ALMOST  
3 MONTHS AT A  
TIME WITHOUT  
**EATING!**

# JUNIOR FLYING CORPS

LOOK AT THIS HEADLINE. ALL YOU MEMBERS OF THE JUNIOR FLYING CORPS! THE FELLOWS THAT MADE IT COME TRUE ALSO WERE KIDS ONCE, PRAYING FOR THE TIME THEY COULD GET THEIR HANDS ON A JOY-STICK!

MAYBE WE JUNIOR FLYING CORPS MEMBERS WILL BE MAKING HEAD LINES LIKE THIS SOME DAY. SO DO IT....

**NOW!**

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO TO BECOME A MEMBER IS TO DROP US A POST CARD!

\*\*\*  
FINAL

The Sentinel

LATE  
CITY EDITION  
WASH. TODAY

VOL. XI NO. 71020

## TOKIO BOMBED

CIVILIAN CASUALTIES VERY SEVERE. FLAMES! INDUSTRIAL AREA IN RUINS!



HIROHITO VOWS VENGEANCE

JAP NAVY SUFFERS SEVERE DAMAGE

### IT'S THE BIGGEST THING YET!

YOU SHOWED US THAT BY YOUR TREMENDOUS RESPONSE TO OUR CALL FOR MEMBERS! SO MANY THOUSANDS JOINED THE JUNIOR FLYING CORPS IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO PRINT ALL THEIR NAMES! BUT WE'LL PRINT AS MANY AS WE CAN IN EVERY ISSUE OF *HANGMAN Comics* FROM NOW ON. KEEP THAT MEMBERSHIP GROWING. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO TO BECOME A MEMBER IS DROP US A POSTCARD .... ADDRESS, 60 HUDSON ST.... ROOM 315... NEW YORK CITY.....

TELL US YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND AGE... THE JUNIOR FLYING CORPS HAS **BIG PLANS**. YOU WON'T MISS OUT ON THE FUN, IF YOU HURRY NOW!

©1942 Hangman



# THE BOY and DUSTY

GUY CALLED  
FINGERS! A BIG  
GAMBLER! TOO  
BUSY MAKING SMALL  
MONEY TO BE AN  
AMERICAN BUT THE  
BOY BUDDIES  
HAD DIFFERENT  
IDEAS WHEN  
FATE TOOK THEM  
WITH THE GUY  
CALLED  
FINGERS!

MY  
NAME'S  
FINGERS! BET  
ON NASS CARDS  
ANYTHING! WHAT'S  
MORE I WIN! SEE?  
THIS WAR IS STRICTLY  
A SUCKER'S  
GAME... I'M PLAYIN'  
SAFE AN' STAYIN'  
OUTA IT!

YOUR  
NAME'S MUD,  
NAZI! BATTER  
UP!



SPECIAL CASE  
# 5

paul  
Reinman

OUR STORY BEGINS AT THE ARMY RECREATION HALL WHERE A BUNCH OF SOLDIERS ARE PLAYING PENNY A POINT PINOCKLE...

THAT DEALS ME OUT...I'M THROUGH

WHAT'S THE MATTER, SOLDIER, CAN YOU TAKE IT?

HEY!

I'VE LOST THREE CENTS ALREADY. A GUY CALLED "FINGERS" ONCE TOLD ME, "GET OUT OF A GAME WHEN YOU'RE LOSING."

YOU MEAN THE BIG GAMBLER? S-A-Y, YOU DON'T KNOW HIM!

FINGERS!

OH, DON'T! HE WAS QUITE A PAL OF MINE. LISTEN TO THIS!

...ONE DAY AT FINGER'S HANGOUT...

YEAH! 5000 G'S ON "BRIGHT WILLIE," MIKE!

JOE, PUT ME 10,000 G'S ON "UHHUH"

NOW LET'S SEE! LITTLE BLACK BOOK, MAKE DOUGH FOR ME!





BUTCH RUN DOWN TO JOE'S AND PUT 15,000 ON 'RISSA' FOR ME, WILL YA?

SORRY, FINGERS, I'M THROUGH. I'VE ENLISTED IN THE ARMY!

YOU'RE NUTS! WHAT DID YOU DO THAT FOR?

TO STOP THINGS LIKE THIS, FINGERS! TAKE A LOOK AT THAT HEADLINE!

AUHH! DON'T BOTHER ME WITH THAT PAY-RIOTIC BULL! I'LL HAVE TO GO AND PLACE THE BET MYSELF!

SUNK ORANGES 3.25 for 28¢

APPLES 3 for 14¢

BETTER STOP IN AT TONY'S AND GET ME A LUCKY APPLE!

SAY, WHERE'S TONY? HE KNOWS HE'S GOT TO HAVE AN APPLE READY FOR ME!

I DON'T KNOW, MISTA FINGA. HE NO SHOW UP SINCE 'MORNING!

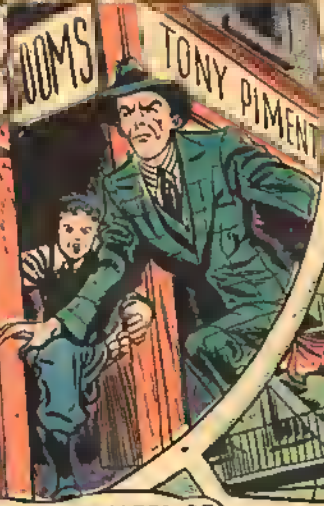
AT THAT MOMENT...

FINGERS, COME QUICK! THEY'VE GOT TONY UP IN HIS ROOM! I HEARD VOICES OUTSIDE!

THEY? WHO'S THEY? SPEAK UP, KID!

FOLLOW ME, FINGERS! I'LL SHOW YOU!

WISE GUYS UP THERE, HUH? THEY CAN'T PULL ANYTHING ON MY PAL TONY! HE'S MY LUCKY-APPLE-MAN!



UP IN TON-SAPARTMENT A GRIM SCENE OF TORTURE IS UNFOLDING...



...VY HAFF YOU STOPPED YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS, TONY!



BECAUSE I NO SCARED OF YOU ANY MORE, IM A GOOD AMERICAN AND I GONNA TELL THE POLICE ABOUT-A YOU



OH, NO YOU DON'T!

NOBODY EVER LEAFS OUR ORGANIZATION ALIVE TONY!

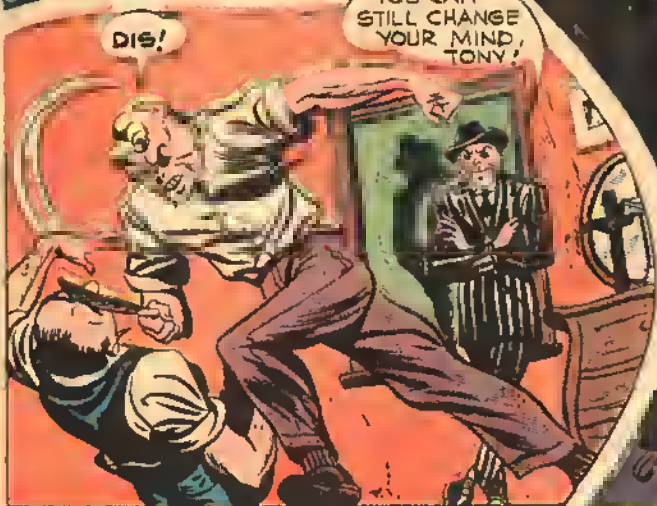


WHATTA YOU MEAN? WHATTA YOU GONNA DO?

JUST THEN

DIS!

YOU CAN STILL CHANGE YOUR MIND, TONY!



HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?





STRONG-ARM GUYS.  
HUH? GET OUTTA  
HERE, AND GET  
OUT FAST, OR ...

VE TEACH YOU  
TO MIND YOUR  
OWN BUSINESS!

ONE'LL  
GET YOU  
FIVE YOU  
DON'T!

POW

AND WHILE WE'RE ON  
THE SUBJECT, I'VE DONE  
A LITTLE FIXIN' IN MY  
TIME, TOO!

... RIGHT BEHIND  
THE EIGHT-BALL!

ANOTHER  
MOVE OUT OF  
YOU UND VE PUT  
AN END TO  
YOUR FRIEND!

SUDDENLY, THE PLUCKY  
LITTLE FRUIT PEDDLER  
DUCKS, AND...

OOF!

SO  
WE'RE  
STARTING  
IN AGAIN  
EH?

TAKE DOT,  
YOU SCHWEIN!

WE DON'T FOOL  
MIT YOU ANY MORE.  
YOU VON'T MEDDLE  
AGAIN!

OOW!

AS FINGERS TOPPLES,  
A LITTLE BLACK BOOK  
TUMBLING FROM HIS  
POCKET CATCHES  
THE BUND CHIEF'S  
EYE...

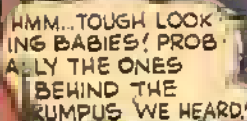
HMM! DESE FIGURES  
LOOK INTERESTING!

COME  
ON, DUSTY!

MEANWHILE, HEAR-  
ING THE FRACAS  
FROM THE STREET,  
ROY and DUSTY  
THE INTREPID BOY  
BUDDIES DASH  
UP THE STAIRS...

MAN -  
POWER, 15,000...  
PERISCOPE, 6000  
SUB-CHASER, 10000  
DER FUEHRER  
MIGHT LIKE  
TO SEE DIS!





HMM...TOUGH LOOK-  
ING BABIES! PROB-  
ABLY THE ONES  
BEHIND THE  
RUMPU'S WE HEARD!



ONE SIDE  
BRATS!



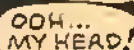
WHAT'S  
THE  
HURRY?



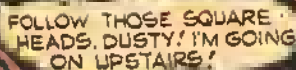
H-HEY!



WOW! LOOKS LIKE A  
CYCLONE HIT THIS  
PLACE!



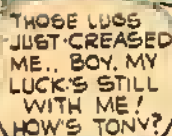
OOH...  
MY HEAD!



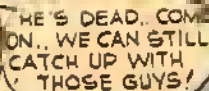
FOLLOW THOSE SQUARE  
HEADS, DUSTY! I'M GOING  
ON UPSTAIRS!



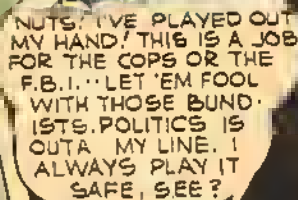
OKAY,  
ROY!



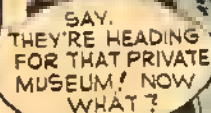
THOSE GUYS  
JUST CREASED  
ME.. BOY, MY  
LUCK'S STILL  
WITH ME!  
HOW'S TONY?



HE'S DEAD.. COME  
ON.. WE CAN STILL  
CATCH UP WITH  
THOSE GUYS!



NUTS, I'VE PLAYED OUT  
MY HAND! THIS IS A JOB  
FOR THE COPS OR THE  
F.B.I...LET 'EM FOOL  
WITH THOSE BUND-  
LISTS. POLITICS IS  
OUTA MY LINE. I  
ALWAYS PLAY IT  
SAFE, SEE?



SAY,  
THEY'RE HEADING  
FOR THAT PRIVATE  
MUSEUM! NOW  
WHAT?



MEANWHILE



CAUTIOUSLY ROY  
STALKS THE FORBID-  
DING-LOOKING FOUR  
SOME...



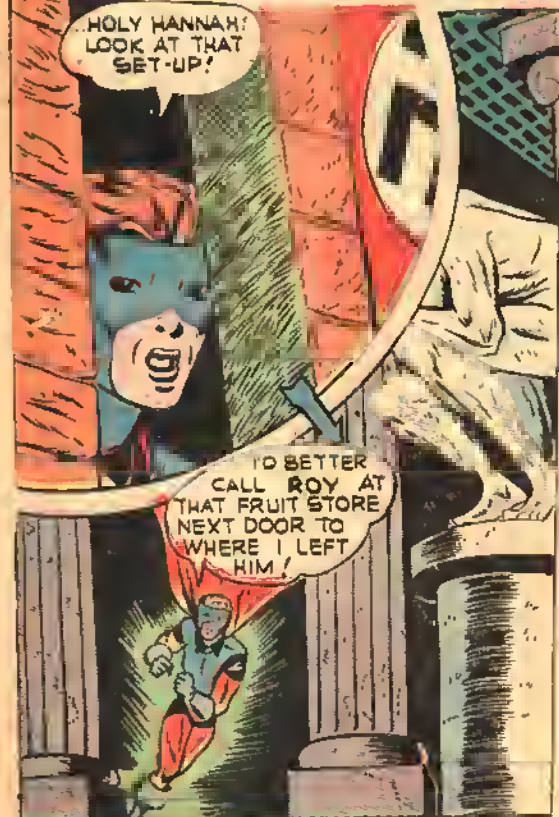
SLIDE IT BACK  
QUIETLY, HANS!



THE MEN DISAPPEAR  
ONE BY ONE INTO  
A HIDDEN RECESS!



JUST BEFORE THE SECRET  
DOOR SLIDES BACK, DUSTY  
DARTS FROM HIDING, AND...



HOLY HANNAH!  
LOOK AT THAT  
SET-UP!

IT'S BETTER  
CALL ROY AT  
THAT FRUIT STORE  
NEXT DOOR TO  
WHERE I LEFT  
HIM!



HELLO, OPERATOR,  
GET ME A FRUIT STORE  
CALLED "TONY'S"  
ON LOWER VINE  
STREET!

STOP  
PEDDLING  
THAT PATRIOTIC  
HOOEY, KID! YOU'RE  
WASTING YOUR  
TIME, I TELL  
YA!

HMM...I'M  
BEGINNING TO THINK  
YOU'RE RIGHT!



I'LL WAIT DOWN  
HERE FOR DUSTY! HE'S  
SURE TO REMEMBER  
THE NEXT DOOR FRUIT  
STORE!

HELLO? WHO DO YOU  
WANT-A? WHO? ROY!  
NO! THERE IS NOBODY  
HERE CALLED-A ROY!

I TELL-A  
YOU NO!

HOLD ON,  
JOSEPHINE!  
THAT CALLS  
FOR ME!

AND AT THE OTHER  
END OF THE WIRE

THIS IS DUSTY, ROY! I FOUND THE HIDE-  
OUT OF THOSE MUSCLEMEN.. BEAT IT  
OVER HERE FAST- THERE'S NO TIME  
TO CALL THE COPS.. I'M AT THE  
MUSEUM!

COME ON, FINGERS!  
YOU'VE GOT TO HELP  
NOW! DUSTY'S  
TRAILED THE  
KILLERS!

NIX, KID! THAT  
TARZAN STUFF AIN'T  
FOR ME! LET THE  
FLAT FOOTS TAKE  
CARE OF IT! I  
GOTTA SEE A  
MAN ABOUT A  
HORSE!

A FEW  
MINUTES LATER,  
FINGERS STEPS  
JAUNTILY INTO JOE  
POOL-ROOM...

STEP ASIDE  
CUE BALL!

HYAH,  
FINGERS! WHATSA  
FAVORITE AT  
BELMONT TODAY?

TELL YOU SOON  
AS I CHECK WITH  
MY LITTLE BLACK  
BOOK!

WHEEY! IT'S  
GONE! THOSE  
DIRTY RATS!  
THEY STOLE  
IT FROM ME!  
I'LL GET  
THOSE LOOTS  
IF IT'S THE  
LAST THING  
I DO, LISTEN,  
GANG...

OKAY? ROUND UP  
THE GANG AND MEET  
ME WHERE I SAID!

IN THE MEANTIME  
ROY REACHES  
THE MUSEUM...

I TRIED TO BRING  
FINGERS, DUSTY,  
BUT HE...

THE HIDEOUT IS BACK  
OF THIS... UGH... I CAN'T  
BUDGE IT... UGH!

LET ME GIVE  
YOU A HAND,  
DUSTY!

AT THAT MOMENT... INSIDE THE  
TOMB...

I BELIEF  
SOMEBODY  
ISS TRYING  
TO OPEN  
DER DOOR!

GET  
INSIDE,  
QUICK!  
I VILL  
ATTEND  
TO IT!

NEVER MIND  
ABOUT THAT!  
I THOUGHT  
YOU'D NEVER  
GET HERE...  
FOLLOW ME!

NOSEY  
PEOPLES  
ALWAYS  
ANNOY  
ME!

SHUT DOT  
DOOR FROM  
DER INSIDE!

LIKE EVIL-GRINNING PANTHERS,  
THE NAZIS SILENTLY  
WAIT IN AMBUSH FOR THEIR  
PREY! STEALTHILY ONE OF  
THEM REACHES FOR THE  
DOOR... AND...

NAZIS!

TAKEN BY SUR-  
PRISE, THE BOY  
BUDDIES TUMBLE  
HEADLONG IN-  
TO THE ROOM.

MASQUERADERS,  
EH? VELL, YOU'VE  
COME TO DER  
WRONG PARTY!

NOW VE  
TEACH YOU A  
LESSON YOU  
VON'T LIVE TO  
REMEMBER!

TRouble's WHERE  
YOU FIND IT! BUT THE  
BOY-BUDDIES NEVER  
HAVE TO LOOK VERY  
HARD FOR IT... THEY'VE  
GOT PLENTY  
OF IT NOW... WHAT  
HAPPENS FROM  
HERE ON?



# THE BULLDOZERS

## CHAPTER 2

...SO THE NAZIS  
HAD ROY AND DUSTY.  
YOU SEE, IT LOOKED  
PRETTY BAD FOR  
THE KIDS....

THE LITTLE  
BLACK BOOK.  
FINGERS! MONEY  
MAKER! FOLLOW  
IT AS IT JOINKS  
ALONG IN THE  
POCKET OF  
THE CHIEF NAZI!  
IT'S GOING TO  
BE MIGHTY  
IMPORTANT!

VAIT!  
DIS IS FAR  
ENOUGH!

DIS IS  
THE END  
OF DER LINE  
FOR YOU NOSEY  
BRATS!

STEP OUT OF DER  
WAY, FELTMAN...  
NOBODY CAN HEAR  
DER SHOT FROM  
DIS ROOM...  
HEY!

CHIEF!  
LOOK!

WELL, WELL!  
NICE TO SEE  
YOU BOYS  
AGAIN!

DER MAN  
IN DER FRUIT-  
PEDDLER'S  
APARTMENT!



DON'T GET EXCITED, NEIGHBOR! I'M NOT HERE TO QUEER YOUR LITTLE BUMP-OFF GAME!

DON'T TAKE MY WORD FOR IT. LOOK IN MY LITTLE BOOK. YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF THAT I'VE BEEN GATHERING SECRET AMERICAN INFORMATION!

YOU GOT ME WRONG. I WENT UP TO TONY'S TO RUB THE RAT OUT MYSELF, BUT YOU JUMPED ME BEFORE I COULD EXPLAIN WHY, I'M ON YOUR SIDE, PAL!

WHY, WHAT I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE THINGS IN THIS BOOK WOULDN'T FIT IN A JOCKEY'S EAR! LOOK IT OVER, BOSS!

YES, LET ME LOOK IT OVER!

VOT ISS DIS ITEM ABOUT MAN-POWER?

I GOT THE LOW-DOWN ON JUST HOW MUCH MAN-POWER THE ARMY ACTUALLY

THE BOYS HAD BETTER GET HERE SOON... I'M RUNNING OUT OF WORDS!

AND THEN THE SMILE LEAVES THE NAZI'S FACE AND HE SUD- ENLY LASHES OUT VICIOUSLY

THE DOG HAS BEEN PLAYING WITH US - THESE ITEMS ARE NAMES OF ROSE ROSES

SCHWEIN! I TEACH HIM!

DON'T BOTHER, NAZI... FINGERS IS A PRETTY EDUCATED GUY!

SUDDENLY THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN...

HERE WE COME, FINGERS!



AND FINGER 5'  
PALS GO TO TOWN...

KEEP MOVING,  
BUD! MY CHARGE  
IS FIFTEEN CENTS  
THE FIRST QUARTER  
MILE!

BATTER  
UP!

PVT. JOE  
LOUIS TAUGHT  
ME THIS  
ONE-TWO!

THIS IS THE  
AMERICAN WAY,  
RATZI... HOW DO  
YOU LIKE IT?





HEY, PETE!  
LOOK! A  
TEN-STRIKE!

LOOK YOURSELF!  
I'M BUSY FRAMING  
A PICTURE!

SAY  
"UNCLE SAM!"



MEANWHILE, FINGERS, RECOVERING FROM THE BLOW SEES...

HEY, THEY'RE ESCAPING!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, FINGERS! THEY WON'T GET FAR!

SUDDENLY...

DUCK! THE NAZI'S SHOOTING AT US!

CAREFULLY, THE BOY BUDDIES and BOY BUDDE FORWARD - ALWAYS UNDER COVER, MOVING NEARER AND NEARER.

WAIT FOR ME! ONE OF THOSE MUGS HAS MY LITTLE BLACK BOOK!

THEN ROY STOPS...

HOLD ON A MINUTE! I THINK THIS IS JUST WHAT WE NEED!

CROSS YOUR FINGERS, FELLOWS.... HERE GOES!

RAILS: WINDWARD USED PEDESTRIAN

**DUSTY PICKS UP A BOOMERANG...**

NICE WORK, ROY!  
NOW LET ME TAKE  
A CRACK AT IT!

THE BOOMERANG ZINGS  
THROUGH THE AIR STRAIGHT  
TOWARD THE OTHER NAZI  
SOLDIER...

TWO DOWN AND  
ONE TO GO. PRETTY  
GOOD, KIDS... BUT  
YOU AIN'T SEEN  
NOTHIN' YET!

BONG

FINGERS!  
DON'T...  
HE'LL  
SHOOT  
YOU  
DOWN  
LIKE  
A DOG!

HE'S GOT  
MY BLACK  
BOOK! I'M  
GETTIN' IT  
BACK, OR  
ELSE!

INTO THE TEETH OF A HAIL OF DEATH  
RUSHES THE FURIOUS FINGERS, INTENT  
ONLY ON ONE THING... HIS LITTLE BLACK  
BOOK...

BANG



BOY... ARE YOU A BUM  
SHOT! NOW IT'S MY  
TURN AT BAT!



OKAY, KIDS!  
TRACK CLOSED  
FOR THE DAY.  
THIS IS THE  
FINALE!

HEY, FINGERS!  
HERE'S YOUR LITTLE  
BLACK BOOK. WELL,  
SAY SOMETHING!  
AREN'T YOU  
HAPPY TO GET  
IT BACK?

UH, YEAH...  
KID, SURE,  
GIMME!

OR  
MAYBE THE  
BOOK WAS  
YOUR ONLY  
REASON  
FOR COMIN'  
HERE - HUH,  
FINGERS?

(COUGH)  
WHAT ARE YOU  
TRYING TO DO -  
ACCUSE ME OF  
BEING PATRIOT-  
ICT? YOU KNOW,  
-UH- I DON'T  
BELIEVE IN  
THAT GUNK!



AND BACK AT THE RECREATION  
ROOM,

WELL, BELIEVE IT  
OR NOT, THAT'S  
THE WHOLE  
STORY, EXCEPT.

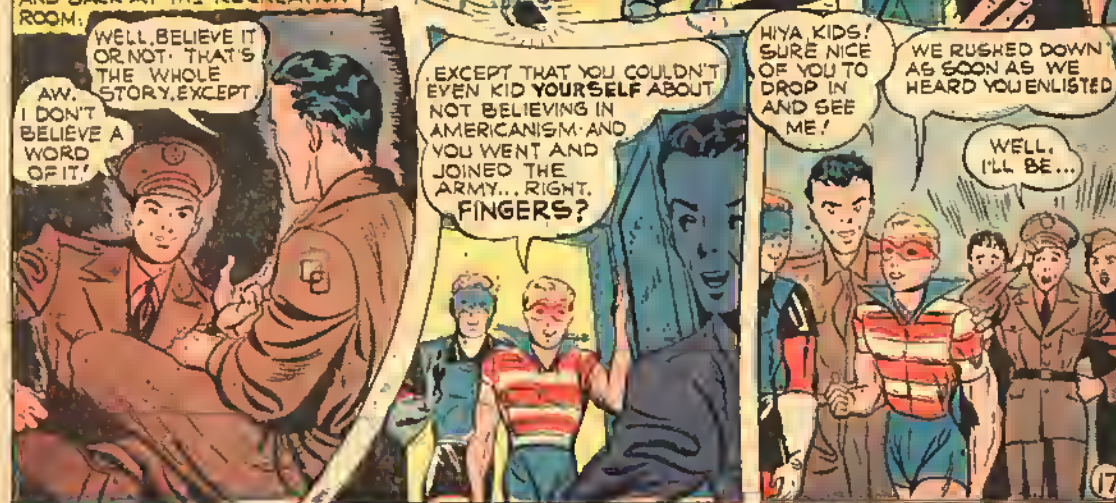
AW,  
I DON'T  
BELIEVE A  
WORD  
OF IT!

EXCEPT THAT YOU COULDN'T  
EVEN KID YOURSELF ABOUT  
NOT BELIEVING IN  
AMERICANISM - AND  
YOU WENT AND  
JOINED THE  
ARMY... RIGHT,  
FINGERS?

HIYA KIDS!  
SURE NICE  
OF YOU TO  
DROP IN  
AND SEE  
ME!

WE RUSHED DOWN  
AS SOON AS WE  
HEARD YOU ENLISTED

WELL,  
I'LL BE...



# TERROR ON WHEELS

## A BOY BUDDIES STORY

ON A hot July day, Roy and Dusty sauntered down the white pavements, jingling the few coins in their pockets.

"Wonder who's playing the Yanks this afternoon?" asked Dusty speculatively. A sudden thought struck him. "How much have you got, Roy?"

"Not even enough for two sodas . . . nuts!"

The police station hove into view, and suddenly as with one thought the pair stopped. A hasty whispered conference followed and the pair parted.

"So long, Dusty," said Roy. "If any law-breakers get on the loose, let me know."

"Okay, pal," was the answer. "Think I'll drop in to headquarters and see if any new cases have come in."

The front door of the police station was open, and as Dusty entered, he saw the Chief mopping his forehead.

"Hyah, Dusty. Sure is a sweltering day."

A few of the officers off duty greeted Dusty, and continued their checker game.

"Anything new?" inquired the young firebrand.

Before the Chief could answer, the telephone at his elbow rang.

"Yeah? Yeah? Sure, he's here. It's for you, Dusty."

Dusty crossed to the phone,

anticipation gleaming in his eyes.

"Hello . . . yes, this is Dusty. WHAT? You mean it? They are? Holy Smoke! You bet—right away!" Quickly, Dusty hung up the telephone and swung into action.

"Get a squad car, Chief. It's important!"

Glad of the sudden break of monotonous routine, the Chief sprang to his feet, echoing Dusty's request. "Okay, boys, get busy. What's up, Dusty?"

"No time for gab, Chief! I'll tell you where to take the car. Let's go!"

Dusty whipped out of the door, the police at his heels. The group dove into a squad car, and the Chief pressed his foot against the starter. As the car made a quick U-turn, Dusty spied Roy, the Super-boy, coming out of the drug store. "Hop in, Roy," he shouted. "We're on the trail of something big!" Eagerly, Roy crammed himself into the front seat, and with a roar the car started up Main Street.

"Which way?" inquired the Chief.

"Right up Main until we hit the blinker light—then turn left!"

The two policemen in the back took out their revolvers and made sure they were loaded. This was going to be good!

Dusty reached down and press-

ed the siren button.

"We'll make better time if we can get those cars ahead to move over!" The siren screamed, and as the squad car speeded for the intersection, a traffic officer motioned for them to cut across.

The Chief stepped on the accelerator, and the speedometer registered fifty, then fifty-five, sixty, and finally seventy.

"Boy, I've been waiting for a case which needed action," muttered the Chief as the car raced along. "What's the next turn, Dusty?"

"The next right and into the main entrance of the Stadium!" was the answer. The crowd at the gate scattered as the police car slipped into the entrance.

"Right up the field now, and we're there!" shouted Dusty.

At the home plate, the car came to a grinding halt. Roy and Dusty hopped out quickly. They turned to the uniformed men.

"Thanks, Chief, we just made it! Boy, we're sure going to enjoy this game—much better watching it from the stands than peeping through a knothole!"

"What the—!!!" The Chief opened his mouth in astonishment and slowly closed it. A smile spread across his face; he looked at the patrolmen behind him and grinned foolishly.



## ELEPHANT HUNTING PIGMIES.

THE FIERCE, LONG BEARDED AAKA TRIBE OF EASTERN AFRICA ARE ONLY 3 FEET TALL. THEY KILL ELEPHANTS BY CREEPING UNDER THEM AND SLASHING THEM OPEN!



## GIANT SOLDIER

ELEAZAR, A SOLDIER IN THE ARMY OF EMPEROR TIBERIUS OF ROME WAS 10 FEET 6 INCHES TALL!

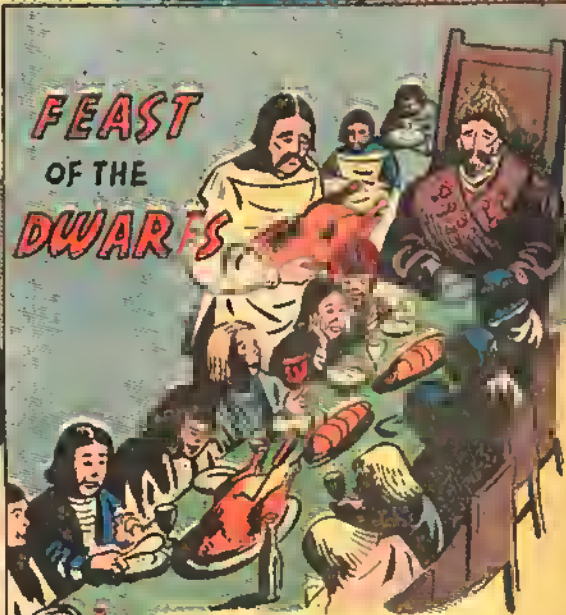


↑  
ELEAZAR

↑  
REGULAR  
SOLDIER

-GOSS

## FEAST OF THE DWARVES



PETER THE GREAT OF RUSSIA GAVE A BANQUET FOR ALL DWARFS WITHIN 200 MILES OF ST. PETERSBURG GLASSES-PLATES-LOAVES OF BREAD -EVERYTHING WAS MADE TO SCALE!



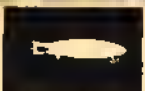
AVIATION UTILITY



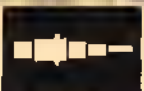
AVIATION METALSMITH



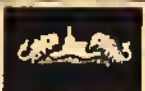
AEROGRAPH



RIGID AIRSHIP SERVICE



GUN CAPTAIN



SUBMARINE SERVICE



EASWENT



PRINTER



RUSH-CRANE'S MARK



E. W. R. CARPENTER'S MARK



COOK SABLE



RUGBY



PHOTOGRAPHER



BOWRIGHT



NAVY EFFICIENCY IN UNIFORM



MACHINIST AND WATER ENGINEER



E. W. R. CARPENTER'S MARK



NAVY EFFICIENCY IN UNIFORM



NAVY EFFICIENCY IN UNIFORM



NAVY EFFICIENCY IN UNIFORM

Special to the Readers of This Magazine

# Meet the Navy

Only to the readers of this magazine, for the first time, we will ship to you **ABSOLUTELY FREE** a series of about **FIFTY** pictures showing "your" UNITED STATES NAVY, its signs, commissions and other interesting data. These magnificent pictures may be projected in the COMICSCOPE in any size and in the exact color on any flat surface. Highly educational, interesting and up to the minute developments and designs of the U. S. Navy.

## A NEW AMAZING INVENTION

The COMICSCOPE is a camera PROJECTOR that measures seven inches long, seven inches deep and three inches wide. By attaching it to any electrical lamp or socket which you have at home, AC or DC current, it is ready for use. Any one can operate it easily. All pictures, comic magazine strips, newspaper comics, daily and Sunday newspapers, can be used as "film" in the COMICSCOPE and flashed on the wall or screen. You can draw your own pictures, make your own "film" and project them. Now you can take your own Hollywood screen tests by projecting your own and family snapshots. There are no coupons to save. Astonish your friends and win new popularity. Give picture parties, charge admission, make money.



## NOT A TOY—BUT A REAL PROJECTOR

REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE PAT. PEND.

Actual size of the COMICSCOPE is seven inches long, seven inches deep and three inches wide.

## SCREEN YOUR FAVORITE COMIC CHARACTERS IN FULL COLOR

## HOW TO GET YOUR "MEET THE NAVY" PICTURES ABSOLUTELY FREE!!

By simply cutting the coupon and making a facsimile of it, mail together with twenty-five cents in coin, plus a three cent stamp for handling and shipping, and you will receive, absolutely free, about **FIFTY** pictures of "MEET THE NAVY," together with a **GIANT CAMERA COMICSCOPE** projector. Everything else included, tube, lens. Act immediately, send the coupon and you will get your pictures and COMICSCOPE quickly.

## MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

M. L. J. MAGAZINES, Inc.  
160 West Broadway  
New York City

Please rush at once the "MEET THE NAVY" series of pictures, absolutely free, and one **GIANT CAMERA COMICSCOPE PROJECTOR**, for which I am enclosing twenty-five cents in coin and a three cent stamp for handling and shipping.

Name  (print clearly)

Address

City  State

(Offer good in U.S.A. only. In Canada 5¢ extra)



Not necessary to send coupon — A facsimile will do.



# How to Make YOUR Body Bring You **FAME**

... Instead of **SHAME!**

**ARE YOU  
Skinny?  
Weak?  
Fleabby?**

**Will You Let Me  
Prove I Can Make You  
a New Man?**

I KNOW what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 87 lbs. I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

But later I discovered the secret that turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And now I'd like to prove to you that the same system can make a NEW MAN of YOU!

## What Dynamic Tension Will Do For You

I don't care how old or young you are or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system INSIDE and OUT-SIDE! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice new, beautiful suit of muscle!

**Only 15 Minutes  
A Day**

No "ifs," "ands" or "maybes." Just tell me what you want—handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and creaky? Are you short-winded, restless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details about "Dynamic Tension" and learn

how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful **HE-MAN**.

"Dynamic Tension" is an entirely NATURAL method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results—and it's actually fun. "Dynamic Tension" does the work.

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-shanked weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension," you can lengthen all skeletal muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own body—watch it increase and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—"Dynamic Tension!"—will turn the trick for you. No theory—every exercise is practical. And, max., so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—always ready over, etc.—to BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY.

**"Everlasting Health  
and Strength"**

**FREE BOOK**

In it I talk to you in straightforward-from-the-shoulder language. Packed with inspirational pictures of myself and pupils—fellows who became NEW MEN in strength, my way, let me show you what I helped THEM do. See what I can do for YOU! For a real thrill, send for this book today. AT ONCE, CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 266-T, 115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.



*Charles  
Atlas*

Holder of title,  
"The World's  
Most Perfectly  
Developed Man"  
As he looks to-  
day, from actual  
unaided snap-  
shot.

**Mail Coupon  
For My  
FREE Book**

**CHARLES ATLAS** Dept. 266-T,  
115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscle development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
(If I handle 16, check here for Booklet A)